

the Innis Herald

AIDS in Africa:

What can we do?

MASAKO IKEGAMI

On October 29, Stephen Lewis spoke at University of Toronto on his perspectives on the AIDS pandemic in Africa. Lewis is a former leader of the Ontario New Democratic Party, former, Canadian ambassador of the United Nations, former Deputy Executive Director of UNICEF, and former member of the Eminent Persons Committee which investigated the genocide in Rwanda. During his lecture, Lewis passionately presented his opinions about the horrors and hopes in combating AIDS.

Lewis called attention to the sheer horror of the pandemic and how it has dramatically changed the demographics of Africa. He calls AIDS a modern apocalypse, evident from the fact that 17 million people have already lost their lives from this disease. Lewis informed us that although the disease does not discriminate the humans that can contract it, the cultural and gender politics of Africa have rendered women the most vulnerable population. In the country of Botswana alone, 55% of new infections are women, making one out of every two women in their late 20's likely to have the HIV virus. In addition, on the continent of Africa, there are 13 million orphan children because they have lost their parents and immediate family to this disease. That is more than all the children in the New England states combined. Lewis also pointed out the subterranean racism that is evident in the way the world has passively watched many of the tragedies striking Africa. Lewis mentioned the genocide in Rwanda as an example of the distance between the industrialized world who have the power to aid and Africa. He reminded us that in Rwanda, in just 100 days, 800,000 people were slaughtered in a gruesome bloodbath while the international community distantly watched the horrendous footage on CNN.

Lewis shed some light to the issue by pointing out the hopeful changes that have come about in the last 18 months. There have been many meetings that have forged important connections between African countries and the world in which all leaders have unanimously agreed on actively fighting this pandemic. More and more political leaders have started to see this devastating health issue as a social issue, making the disease more relevant to society and not just the patients of AIDS. Drug prices have come down to affordable prices, due to the competition between generic drug companies. The Harvard Science Community has officially stated that they are now confident in prolonging the life of AIDS patients.

Lewis called us not to become pessimistic while confronting this disease. He has faith that this disease *can be*



Israel Yang

beaten. While there are such discouraging and racist criticisms by the international community as Africans cannot manage the complex medical treatment involved in treating AIDS, there are clearly effective efforts at the grassroots level that have had more influence than the UN in some regions. There are many organizations similar to the Nobel-prize winning group, Doctors Without Borders that have implanted its facilities and knowledge in key regions to combat the pandemic. In such facilities, the volunteers have not only treated AIDS patients but have also set up community peer counseling sessions. These helpful sessions discuss the variety of issues involving the disease, starting from contraception and protection methods to such emotional issues as depression that strike many patients and their families. For such constructive reasons, Lewis reinforced the importance of how imperative such health clinics must be set up as immediately as possible.

Lewis criticized countries as Canada and the United States for its ineptness in targeting its attention on AIDS. It is true that in both the financially secured industrialized nations and developing countries, this epidemic has had immeasurable ramifications on society. However, in Africa, there are fundamental problems such as the ever-present need for food and drugs that make treatment of AIDS more difficult. In the wake of September 11, Lewis brought attention to the fact that the Canadian government has had no hesitation in producing and distributing medicines that combat Anthrax, a stark contrast to the

disputes over the patents of drugs that can help AIDS patients. Lewis also points out the contrast in the amount of media focus on the tragedy of September 11 and the media focus (or lack thereof) on AIDS in Africa. He asks us how we cannot notice the apparent color line in how we approach these two problems.

Lewis emphasized the need for financial backup. Kofi Annan of the UN urges the world to produce 8 billion dollars a year to fund the needs of Africa. Thus far the International Funding for AIDS has raised 1.5 billion dollars. While 8 billion dollars is not small change, with the plethora of materials in our industrialized lives, we can probably become closer to the sum.

Lewis closed his speech with a strong conviction in solving this problem, *if* the international community does not repeat its mistake from the last decade by actively pursuing the solutions to AIDS. He urges us that aiding Africa is not an issue of charity or philanthropy at this point – it is an ethical obligation to which every person should make a contribution.

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A Summer of Anticipation

BRIAN SHIN

The questions arose as soon as Vince Carter's buzzer-bender fell short, denying the Toronto Raptors a berth into the Eastern Conference Finals. With the future of the franchise hanging in the balance of three free agents, would the Raptors be able to retain them against insurmountable odds? Would Antonio Davis, Jerome Williams, and Alvin Williams resign with the Raptors, or would they choose to bolt town like former Raptors Damon Stoudamire and Tracy McGrady did, paving the way for Carter's departure a year later?

It had appeared that the Raptors were headed back to the expansion era, with rumours circulating that the All-Star Davis had already verbally committed with the Orlando Magic, that Jerome Williams was interested in signing with his hometown Wizards, and that the Chicago Bulls had offered a lucrative contract to Alvin Williams. But just as quickly as the questions arose, they were answered. Thanks to the NBA's Collective Bargaining Agreement and the Board of Governors of Maple Leaf Sports and Entertainment, as well as an ingenious sales ploy by the Raptors' General Manager, Glen Grunwald, the Raptors were able to resign all three free agents as well as extending Vince Carter's contract for another 6 years. And for an encore, Grunwald managed to lure the future Hall-of-Famer, Hakeem Olajuwon, from the free agency waters, addressing the teams' need for a legitimate center.

And now, after facing the real threat of extinction, the Dinos find themselves the talk of the league. The Raptors have been touted as early Eastern Conference favourites, and who can argue with that? A team that came so close to reaching the Eastern Conference Finals only a season ago, resumes play with one of the deepest rosters in the league. Dynasties are built by keeping talented players together, so that collectively, they can learn what it takes to win as a group, not as individuals. Grunwald has secured the future of the Raptors, and has ensured that the current group of players will have every opportunity to do so. He has also given the fans, including myself, a reason to be excited about this season, so much so that I decided to dish out the cash to purchase season tickets.

And so, once again, the Raptors must answer more questions, except this time, they'll have another 7 years with Vince Carter to do so.

An update on Innis Men's Sports

ED HALDORSEN

Men's Basketball: Alim and Ed have guided this year's team to an impressive 1-5 record so far. While the record does not look good on paper, team chemistry is being sorted out. Players know who they don't like and who doesn't like them at a remarkably early point in the season, although not as quickly as last year. Air Canada (Mike Lewis) and Craig continue to lead by example with 110% effort and no complaints. Team chemistry will definitely lift the team to at least a couple of wins next term. The team hopes to capitalize on its already tough-minded defence with a more coordinated offence attack in the second half of the season.

Men's Soccer: After really struggling and finishing last place last year, this year we've regrouped and formed an excellent team mainly consisting of a bunch of players from last year and a slew of skilled first year players. We finished the season in first place and we're playing in the championship game this Saturday at Varsity Stadium at 10:30. Personally I couldn't have hoped for a better team. Everyone is dedicated and skilled, and I am honoured and proud to have the privilege of representing such a great group of guys and such an amazing soccer team. Come watch us on Saturday.

Men's Rugby: Captain Cameron and his squad were unavailable for comment, but seem to be doing OK this year.

Men's Volleyball: Innis has an amazing Men's Volleyball team. This is a result of brilliant talent and great communication. We boast a record of 4 wins and 1 loss, defeating such teams as Trinity and the Engineers. Thanks to the soft hands of Chris Shutsa, Sam Tsai and Graham Budd, the stylish defence and offence by Justin Yan and Sean Buckley, lead by Brook McWilliams, it has produced a team that will be hard to beat. Come out and cheer for the team! Games are every Thursday at 9:00 or 10:00 pm over at the Athletic Centre.

Julia Chow is coordinating women's sports. While basketball is still running strong, soccer, she says you can still sign up for next semester: Indoor soccer, lacrosse, squash, tennis and doubles badminton.

Mike Lewis is the co-ed representative. He has told me that basketball and volleyball are doing well. Upcoming seasons include coed waterpolo and badminton.

If you're interested in joining a sport, and you're an innis student or an engineer that lives in Res, email: ed.haldorsen@utoronto.ca

Good luck to Jasper and his crew this Saturday - come cheer them on!

The Harold Innis Research Foundation is proud to sponsor a public lecture by

Jack Layton

President, Federation of Canadian Municipalities

Adjunct Professor, Innis College, University of Toronto

"Cities Rising Up: The Political Economy of the First Urban Century"

Wednesday, November 28, 2001 6:30 p.m.

Town Hall, Innis College
University of Toronto
2 Sussex Avenue

Admission is free. Reception to follow.
Please call 978-3424 for more information.

Waste Watching on Campus

CHRIS BONE

I conducted a brief survey last week on students and waste. It was the simplest of surveys that had me sitting outside the Ramsay Wright Building on St. George watching students dispose of products in one of the campus's many multi-product recycling and garbage boxes. After I observed over half the individuals place either newspapers, cans, and especially styrofoam in the slot that is designated to be for garbage, I came to one disturbing conclusion: there are a significant amount of individuals on campus who do not care what happens to their garbage.

This conclusion leads to me to ask three questions. What benefit is there of having these boxes when people are not using them?; what purpose is there in setting-up waste management programs if people are not going to follow them?; and why are a significant number of people not taking responsible measures for disposing of their waste? What is ironic is

that the university provides a system for waste management that is not followed by a significant number of students. The irony lies in that large institutions, such as the City of Toronto, usually begin to implement programs due to some public response. The Adams Mine is a good example of this. There are a number of dedicated individuals with the university whose goal is to improve the waste situation on campus, and unfortunately have to constantly remind people why they should as well.

Stan Szwagiel is U of T's Facilities and Services Waste Management Supervisor. He is responsible for the overall operational, administrative and financial control over the Waste Management operation on campus. Szwagiel's main objective is to reduce the amount of waste produce, re-use as much unwanted material as possible, and recycle whatever remains. Szwagiel, who is also the secretary for the Environmental Protection Advisory Com-

mittee (www.facilities.utoronto.ca/epac/epacpage.htm), is constantly in pursuit of improving the waste system of this university. He believes this can be accomplished by being able to "educate people about the importance of the three R's, offer them the opportunity to follow the three R's, and to promote the fact that the three R's do work."

So why bother doing all this if a significant number of people are not following the program? Hopefully the education and opportunity that Szwagiel and his staff provide will ripple through the university and change this campus's wasteful habits. Just being aware of what Waste Management is doing has prompted involvement from other areas on campus. The Environmental Students' Union has begun their waste reduction initiatives with their Lug A Mug Campaign. They are providing 14 oz travel mugs with lid for \$2 which are sold at their office in Innis College. The largest presentation of waste reduction this

year will be at the University of Toronto's Environmental Resource Network's official launch this month at Hart House. At the launch, titled 'Green-Day', will be presenters from the City of Toronto leading demonstrations on composting as well as water use efficiency. Szwagiel will also be there with information on Waste Management practices as well as to answer questions. Although all this will not create a universal recycling mentality at the university, it does show that there is a growing interest in how our campus treats the environment. The more groups and individuals that become involved in promoting awareness of issues concerning waste and opportunities to reduce it, the better chance we have at changing how we view our garbage, and changing what slot we put our styrofoam in.

GREEN-DAY

U of T's Environmental Resource Network Launch!



When? towards the end of November
Check our website for more details!
<http://utern.sa.utoronto.ca>

- Environmental Groups and Organizations
- Campus Groups and Clubs
- Recycling and Composting Exhibit
- Volunteer Opportunities to help improve our Environment and our Campus
- Environmental Programs at U of T



<http://utern.sa.utoronto.ca>
utern.admin@utoronto.ca

the environmental students' union

WANTS YOU TO
LUG A MUG
FOR ONLY

\$2

stop by our office from Monday to
Thursday between 12:00 and 2:00
pm to pick up your travel mug!

ENSU is located in Innis College, room 107

**write for us
next deadline
december 9, 2001**

**email your submission to
innisherale@yahoo.com**

Hello from the Front

LAURA BIL

At the beginning I was always calculating things: how many more years of this workload? How many more courses? How many more essays? How many more hours do I need in the day?

"The generals have a saying:
Rather than make the first move
it is better to wait and see.
Rather than advance an inch
It is better to retreat a yard."

— Tao Te Ching

So I do. I take a step back and everything falls into place. "There is time for everything," my PHIL100Y Prof had said way back when. I spent these years trying to figure out how this could be true. Somehow the rhythm of the day can be whatever you want it to be. The definition of having fun is just to enjoy whatever it is you are doing, just that.

In November I run at Hart House because I feel my butt getting bigger and it is too cold to run outside. I see a woman, younger than me, her cheeks bright red. I'm surprised at how shiny her red cheeks are. And there are three tough guys taking up the track with their wide heavy footsteps. I can feel their rough energy as I squeeze between them meekly, my lack of training so embarrassing the guys don't even bother to glance at my passing. I see the track straight ahead turning into a bend. Around the corner the guys rush past me their dark cropped hair in flight, laughing as they race. That's great, whatever it is. I think of the Tao Te Ching again,

"True words aren't eloquent;
eloquent words aren't true.

Wise men don't need to prove their point;

Men who need to prove their point aren't wise."

Ach, who knows what "arts and culture" is. It is what we make it. Submissions to the Herald include happy and sad poems about drugs and life; a landscape story of reflection. So nice to hear something from someone every once in awhile. Write us and let us know where you are at.

Laura Bil is the new Arts and Lit co-editor for the Innis Herald.

Words on a Blank Canvas

MARI CHIIJIWA

It's funny how opportunities come knocking at your door when you least expect it. As an attempt to become more involved in my second year at U of T, I decided to apply for the arts/lit editor position and see the other 'non-scientific' side of me emerge. Trying to juggle academics, two part-time jobs and the hefty commute is enough to fill my plate for now, but refreshment from the everyday norm is always good.

Growing up, I always had a natural passion for the arts and was quite active as a 'petite artiste' in my local community. Everything from drawing, dancing, singing and piano lessons... how much more artistic could you get? However, the inspiration to write did not hit me as comfortably. I was always biased towards expressing myself through visuals, rather than spilling my thoughts through words. Why bother with words when a picture does it all in one piece?

I suppose what I didn't realize, was the mere fact that both mediums have the same level of statement power. Unfortunately, it is the statement of the *human being* that is often overlooked in this fast-paced world today. With all of the technological advances protruding, I see much traditional art fading. Thus, I applaud those who have written for this issue, and encourage more of you out there to contribute. In my first attempt as an editor for the Herald, I thoroughly enjoyed the personal *humane* nature of the poetry and articles featured this month. With every person, there brings new flavour to the Innis Herald. Let's bring more colour to this canvas.

Mari Chijiwa is the new Arts and Lit co-editor for the Innis Herald.

Going the Distance

JASON MONTIGO

Living on the outskirts of the Greater Toronto Area while trying to get a degree at the University of Toronto can be fairly difficult at times. It sometimes feels as if the campus is another world away. To the north, east, and south of my neighbourhood are farmer's fields. The local roads are primarily one lane, and the tallest building nearby is the water reservoir tower. I certainly enjoy seeing how other people react when I tell them how to get to my house:

"...go north until you hit the edge of the megacity, and head east along Steeles until there are no street lamps on either side of the road. Just before entering the Rouge Valley, turn left onto the road that is bordered on both sides by open fields. Head north past Boxville..."

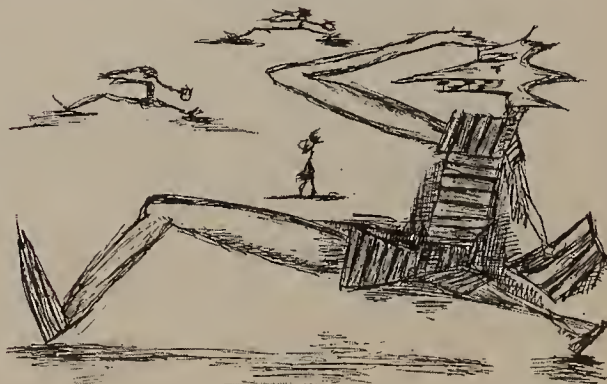
Perhaps living in residence would be a practical solution. However, I live close enough that I can save money and the environment by taking public transit, but I live far enough that the commute is on the verge of being stressful.

Traveling eighty kilometres each day to get to and from school is no easy task. Such a road trip can be quite expensive. Driving downtown is almost certainly out of the question given the absolutely absurd price of gasoline. Furthermore, affordable parking is hard to come by, and available parking is even more rare. Besides, driving such a distance each day would certainly release oodles of noxious pollutants into the atmosphere. Public transit is certainly a viable option. For those who are lucky enough to live close to a GO Station, GO Transit offers up to

a fifty percent discount for students pursuing a postsecondary education. Furthermore, YRT (York Region Transit) provides shuttle buses that directly serve the needs of GO riders at an im... Commuting such a great distance each day can make a person somewhat nomadic. I spend more time on-campus than I do at home. I have learned to study in odd places, such as the hallways of various buildings on campus, on the bus, train, or subway, or even in public parks. Fortunately, St. George campus is so extensive that it is easy to find a quiet place to work. The best places to get things done are empty lecture theatres or classrooms. They provide ample desk space and the ability to do group work without the risk of disturbing others. Distractions are less likely since most students tend not to enter classrooms in which they have no scheduled lecture or tutorial. Then again, there are students who do have a scheduled lecture or tutorial but nonetheless refrain from showing up. Regardless, the university offers a plethora of excellent study space for the keen, dedicated, and responsible students who seriously want to take advantage of the unique educational opportunity their school offers.

However living at home, no matter how far it is, certainly has its advantages. The meal plan is definitely a plus. The magically self-restocking refrigerator is a welcome sight for the chronically-nocturnally hungry (as long as the foil-wrapped bundles of biomass that accumulate in the dark depths of the freezer are avoided). In most cases, virtually all the basic services are provided at little or no cost, such as telephone, cable, electricity, and even Internet access. Best of all, when living a good distance away from campus, students do not have to worry about being under the gaze of the towering, seemingly omnipresent concrete peacock of knowledge—a constant reminder of unfinished work and research.

Living amidst all these cornfields does not seem so bad after all.



AHREUM HAN

deadline for next issue
december 9
email: innisherale@yahoo.com

Train Ride Home

CHRISTINE DAVIES

Sky and sea are barely different; all there is to distinguish between them is a darker shade of grey, a thick line stretching across the window I look out of. In the air, as in the sky, whiteness drifts: above, in the clouds, below, in the waves. Streaming across are trees every few feet with burnt red and orange leaves, a contrast to the wet grey seascape behind them.

Now we pass old telephone posts standing naked, bare crosses protruding from a hill of motley bushes and tall grass. Skeltons, dark and cold brown.

We pass a steel factory, streets lined with trees behind a shopping plaza with a Loblaws and a McDonalds, a little town with red trucks, long flat buildings and little white houses, huge flat open fields of emerald green, some with sheep, some with horses, and fields of dark brown plants shooting up like grass, and open pits in the ground, grey. I do not know what these are for.

We pass a single bush, red like fire.

Are these the things I choose to see?

A field of corn, all of the plants yellowed, browned at the top, and behind the field, a dense forest of leaves. Red, orange, yellow, green- they reach out to me. Je suis émue. Such bright and stunning colours I have not seen in the city. They fill my field of vision, overwhelm me with their intensity, their power. Their vivid, natural sensuality.

Now, beyond the yellow fields of corn, the sea again, grey as the sky. Light outlines of clouds can be seen here and there. The sky is all clouds; they battle each other for supremacy.

Dark sticks jut upwards behind the leaves, holding them up, stretched out. A few birch trees linger in there; each one a clean spot on the canvas.

From the top of the hill I see down into a steep valley. Bright trees reach upwards; their full, deep colours satiate my eyes, make me smile amazed. Full, intense greens, shocking, ferocious reds, caught in a thick underworld of tangled foliage.

We suddenly pass sailboats and factories. Grey canals float under us.

Hundreds of white birds hang in the air above a sign that says Coburg. I smile, excited because this is where my roommate is from.

This is my first trip home. I wonder, what it be like, to see the friends I have abandoned for independence. To see what happens in the relationship I left behind me. But somehow, even though I am returning, I think it is still behind me somewhere else.

In the distance, all I can see of the tall trees that stand above the rest are leaves, clumps of colour gathered together, holding on. It is hard to see what holds them up.

From a pond, dark grey and shiny, emerge long, straight dark sticks, skeletons of dead trees, some fallen over, others still standing.

I am glad to have this sitting area to myself, to be sitting by this large window, writing, with no one interrupting me or trying to see my notebook. The only person sharing it with me is sleeping, her head against the glass, and her jacket covering her like a blanket.

I love the Canadian countryside. There is nothing I like more than streaming past it, open, wild, still.

We pass rectangles of field, tiny fences and lines of trees separating them. White geese sitting in a lot.

We are approaching Belleville. A friend of mine from years ago was originally from here. I don't know where she is now.

Plump round trees lie on the grass like pompoms. There are trees and bushes everywhere, thick like houses.

We stop in Kingston and now we are speeding home. The sky, the view are darkening and raindrops slide horizontally along the window.

The trees are almost black now, and so densely packed they are like a hill stretching up beside the train tracks. Looking into them, I can only faintly see the detail of sticks and leaves, like bones and flesh, as if I were peering inside of something larger, carnal. Above, a few limbs stretch out, startlingly dark and crisp against the thick, dark, wet grey sky.

The train going the other way makes a sound like guns firing, like leaves falling through the air. It scares me.

Clear Waters

MARI CHIJIWA

Ahhhhh, the joys of commuting. Priceless. Nothing quite compares to the feeling of watching the bus whiz by, knowing that you've just missed it by seconds. Was it a few drinks too many, the night before? Caffeine helps tone down the alcohol, but then you find yourself furiously throwing your alarm clock across the room. Where is that annoying buzzing sound coming from? Unconsciously, you fall back asleep. Wait... Broken alarm clocks don't help, ESPECIALLY the day you have a morning exam!! ~PANIC~. Some days you have it smooth, some days you don't. It's all a game of chance. It's... life. And just when you feel like you're lacking everything imagined possible, you begin to wonder if university is worth all this trouble. Let me assure you, it is. Often times, we get caught up in the monotonous nature of our everyday lives, that we rarely get a chance to reflect upon the simple occurrences around us. Please, no sappiness intended.

Judgements. We make them all the time. There was a morning during my usual commute, in which I had gotten on the bus during rush hour. Although it was crowded, I noticed a child occupying two seats. Arms aside, legs stretched out - the works. I was astonished to see the child's mother not reacting to this behaviour in any way. What I didn't realize until later (when the child started vomiting) was that the mother was simply letting her child lay down to avoid unnecessary pain; a simple act of guardian love. As students, we often make judgments as if it were the air we breathe. We easily form opinions about our professors, certain subjects we are studying, even about each other. However, when it comes to judgments about our future, it's not so easy to evaluate, is it?

Change. It hits us when we least expect. If it's not the rain that soaks you the day you forget to bring an umbrella, it will be the unexpected relationship breakup that hits you the day after your birthday. Could the timing be any better? Frizzball hair or broken heart...take your pick. Obviously the less permanent one, right? Entering university, I had always imagined that there would be one, and only one path through which I would succeed. After first year, I truly realized that the world is not a box in which you must mold

yourself into. We are here to create a future for ourselves and not simply allow others to make decisions for us. So, if the glove doesn't fit, it's ok to find another one that does. Heck, find a hat and scarf to match while you're at it! Change shouldn't be something feared. Think of it as a variation. Think of it as originality and independence. Just don't let it control you. Simply adapt.

Balance. Let's just say that spending more time on the Internet, rather than studying just doesn't cut it. Obviously. But then how come so many of us do it? Are we indirectly trying to take the easy way out and do something that requires less brain power than studying? Clicking a computer mouse vs. studying the DNA composition of a real mouse...Hmmmm. There are other ways out. Circulation. Interacting with the environment around you does have its benefits. Although time is not something you can easily purchase, spending time away from the books is crucial! Give your brain a rest; it gets tired too. Most importantly, when you look back at your university years, it will be quite sad to think of your memories as being devoted to only your textbooks, don'tcha think? Need ideas? Exercise. Volunteer. Work part-time on or off campus. Go out with friends. Join clubs of interest to you. Spend time with family and relatives. Learn to cook better food. Explore. Write some articles for the Innis Herald! J Ok, enough with the subliminal messages. What makes all these activities so worthwhile, are the people you meet along the way. It's the people you meet through university that make all the difference. Something a textbook can't offer. Dare to experience the world in 5-D.

At this point, I feel like more of a motivator than a writer. Oh well, I might as well take the limelight while I still can. Quick friendly reminders: Take time to reflect. Discover your priorities, your passions, your strengths and weaknesses not just based on your marks. Evaluate yourself through your experiences from every day life. It makes you wonder who should receive the gold star; the one who has a clean 4.0 average or the one who sacrifices Saturday morning study time to volunteer at the nearby homeless shelter. I suppose they can't be comparable. But hey, don't over analyze. Just try to view through clear waters. Make the best of your years here. I've been told we'll miss them once they're gone.

Rodin in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction

LAURA BIL

At the turn of the century Rodin was considered the world's greatest sculptor. Rodin's continual reworking of great images and themes - indignity and resolve, love and desire, heroism and humanity - are evoked using the mechanics of the body and expressive form.

At the ROM until December 23rd is an opportunity to see some of these great master works in 3-dimensions, but also to get a sense of the spirit of the artist and his times. The exhibition includes photographs of Rodin's plaster cast sculptures taken by Eugene Druet and used by Rodin in his exhibitions as well as for recording, modification and interpretation of his works.

I found the photographs had more impact than the plaster casts. Although I loved being able to read the stories told from all angles by walking around sculptures such as the infamous "The Kiss", I found the visual play in looking at Druet's photographs created a far more entertaining experience, than sculptures.

There has been controversy about authenticity surrounding the exhibition, as the casts are part of the proc-

ess of creating bronze sculptures, and the bronze sculptures are recognized as the actual works of art. But the reproducibility inherent in photography and the engagement the photos provide, manages to reveal the irrelevance of authenticity questions compared to what the work is really about.

Seeing "The Kiss" in a lively context outside of a gallery setting, makes the lovers seem capable of movement - as though the life in the photo would resume beyond the shutter flash and so would the life of the lovers. In this there is a reminder of Dante's story of the two lovers - their hell-fate of an unending embrace resumes its distasteful nature when put into context of what is changeable in the world around it.

The figure of "Balzac" tilted toward the sky at a ghostly train station with empty park benches communicates a feeling that the plaster might not, making the figure more human. In the daylight the photo emphasizes an arc spanning his body that is pregnant with suggestion and echoes the defining structure of train station arc looming behind him.

In "Earth and Moon" I see a contemplation of the simplicity of human enjoyment. The frame is filled with the whiteness of a big object. The artfulness is barely recognizable and the work of Art becomes a simple, natural substance. The fun of looking at this entity comes from the humour of its big size and having to use our imagination to figure out what it is.

--- Continued on next page ---

Savage Love

Chapter 1 – The Battle

DANIEL DEES

Wotan's name filled the air,
The arrow had been thrown.
The village erupted into flames,
Death began to moan.

Running hard, swords drawn out,
We were flung right into madness.
Blood poured forth, comrades fell,
Yet no time for sadness.

Steel through flesh, limbs ripped off,
The Berserker in me was raised.
I swung my weapon round and round,
My blood lust not yet phased.

Loki's minions fought us well,
Their eyes as black as coal.
Night soon fell, the battle raged on,
My body took the toll.

But soon their numbers greatly lessened,
Bodies littered the ground.
Their leader stood in front of me,
Our victory was sound!

My blade sunk in, his blood seeped out,
The enemies' pride was gone.
My men fought hard, they wielded their steel,
The smell of blood was strong.

We are the warriors of Wotan...

Collapsing to my knees, I perched
against my sword and thanked Wotan for
his protection. Father of the slain, he
had served me well in many a battle, and
tonight, during this bloody endeavor, it
was no different. I felt his presence
guide my blade, and protect me from
Loki's abominable creatures.

"Tonight, many have fallen. May the
Finherjar be accepted into the walls of
Valhalla, and serve Wotan well at
Ragnarok"

Tired from the deadly battle,
We marched towards the gate.
Townspople gathered around us
quickly,
Their protection was our fate.

Pride swelled in their rosy cheeks,
A good deed had been done.
Evil had been thwarted again,
Us warriors had won.

Then from the quivering excited crowd,
Stood a woman so amazed.
Her eyes beckoned my very soul,
My heart was set ablaze.

Passing by, slow motion set in,
Our eyes met with pain.
I wanted to be near her now,
But what could I gain?

A warrior must not love a soul,
Such is not our way!
We are men of battle and courage,
I simply cannot stay.

The path was straight ahead me now,
One I had to follow.
Her love is what I surely wanted,
In sadness I would wallow.

Leaving the village far behind,
We warriors began to roam.
Shelter is what we needed now,
A place to call our own.

The darkness was so blanketing and
thick,
Creature's screams we heard.
We held our weapons steady and strong,
Terror was the word
But from the darkness came a cave,
Shelter had been found.
We lit our torches, walked right in,
We laid our bodies down.

Sounds diminished, men asleep,
The fire we set burned bright.
On my side I sought to sleep,
To give me strength to fight.

But in my mind came a vision,
My heart felt empty and cold.
The woman I left was staring at me,
Her body I took hold.

Together we embraced ever so tightly,
My lips upon her cheek.
Then I awoke with a start,
Her love I must seek!

From the cave I ventured forth,
My path led to desire.
Freyja had me captured well,
My heart was set on fire.

Arriving back at the village, I spotted the
lady sitting alone by a fire, warming her
delicate hands. I slowly crept up behind
her, and with the softest voice I knew,
spoke to her.

She turned to me with grace and flair,
Her smile drew me in.
I took a hold of her hand,
Her love I must win!

I spoke of being a warrior of faith,
How I was wrong to feel.
A tear shed from her eye,
Yet her lips remained sealed
I explained my passion and love for her,
How I had fallen in deep.
It was then that she squeezed my hand,
And began to softly speak.

She spoke of fate and loneliness,
How we were destined to meet.
I looked at her with great passion,
My love she would greet!

Then with my strength and all my might,
The sum of my wit.
I held her in my arms with pride,

Our love had been lit!

Embracing each other tightly so,
The world held its breath.
Our hearts were now bonded forever,
Together until death.

But then the night drew darker and
bleak,
As though the moon was blocked.
From the mountains came an enemy,
One that I had already fought!

Sweeping down the mountain side,
Hordes of demons flew.
I glanced at my lover's eyes,
The demon's numbers grew.

The commotion became piercing loud,
The earth trembled with fear.
Guards readied their sharpened weap-
ons,
Swords ready to shear.

I stood by the wooden townsgate,
Other guards by my side.
I asked Wotan for his guidance,
In him I confide.

The enemy within my peripheral view,
I dug myself in well.
Whether I would love her again,
The battle would soon tell.

Running into the pack, my sword drew
blood immediately, but as the numbers
increased, I could barely tell friend from
foe!

Confusion calling my very name,
My heart skipped a beat.
For once I felt vulnerable to death,
I wanted to retreat.

Not knowing who or where I was,
My weapon fell from my grasp.
I was blinded by increasing confusion,
I could not complete the task.

Running out of time and courage,
I began to despair.
I could only think of my love,
How her heart would tear!

From the surrounding chaos and
screams,
I saw shining steel.
It cut through my side and bled,
The pain I felt was real.

Falling on my expressionless face,
I felt the final blow.
The sword dove through my back,
Belonging to the foe!

Fire in my wounded heart,
A sword in my back and side.
A quick vision of my lover,
Then nothing, I died...

*This is the first of three parts of the poem
Savage Love.*

--- Continued from previous page ---

The photo of "The Awakening" is
framed next to an earlier drawing of the
work, presenting further interpretive lay-
ers – the watercolour shows the energy and
flow of the form. In seeing how much
energy a single 2D line can hold in our
imagination, the number of energy lines a
sculpture can hold is truly unbelievable.

With "Psyche at the Lamp", seeing the
sculpture in the context of shadow and
light tells a story with more question and
wonder than could ever be achieved in the
speculative lights of a gallery. The unreal
beauty of her dancers' legs contrast the
truth of dappled sunlight behind her – she
seems to be a mysterious woman, breath-
ing in the fabric of her cape, hiding and
yet lifting the cape in an open invitation to
her shadowy sensuality. The participatory
nature of the lifelike pose enhances her
allure, yet the unreal possibility of seeing
this naked figure under a streetlamp on just
such a sunny day will leave you miffed.

"Eternal Spring" the sculpture of two
dancers is photographed in front of a cur-
tain as though on stage. The balanced
sculpture becomes a seductive perform-
ance given its rightful environment.

"Youth Triumphant" creates a rebellious
shock – 2 small kids in a plaster pose might
be deemed twee in the gallery but left in a
rubble filled backstreet, the innocence
evoked is of a different colour. The true
meaning of vulnerability is evoked in their
simple forms, their tiny faces hidden in a
fatal kiss uncaring about the roughness
they lie open to, their desire directed and
whole.

Now – all the photos were sensational
but "Call to Arms in Front of Gates of
Hall at Depot des Marbres" is indeed the
self-referential coup d'état of the exhibi-
tion. The Gates of Hall loom in the photo
on a precarious tilt, framed by an artist's
ladder and a stand-still camera propped up
in a boho-askew style while an evil look-
ing sculpture takes the center stage. A
dragon-like dismemberment of multiple
heads and pointy wings is a shadowy mys-
tery reaching toward heaven in the midst
of this anarchistic place.

The germination of creation – whether
it be the artist's studio, the photographers'
lens, or my own imagination – when I fin-
ish looking at the walls of this portrait
gallery, I am seeing with new eyes.

The plaster works have come to life –
in "Iris, Messenger of the Gods" the full
sight between a dancer's spread legs is an
image of power; and looking at "Eve" we
confront our own cruelty if we consider
her stable position of so-not-wanting-to-
be-looked-at and the involuntary gaze of
unending gallery patrons just trying to see
what the hell it is they are looking at...
And Balzac? Painted in black he seems to
be doing a very impressive Elvis imper-
sonation.

Best deal: \$5 for students Friday nights
from 4:30-9:30pm

in sanity

CHARLES TROSTER

This I write in sanity
I write this insanity
A poem there is to every song
A song there is to seasons each
Though seasons come the words remain
Remain with me and see my breath
Frosting by the chill of snow
Warm in heart but cold to touch
Touch, sensation, draw me near
Near to life but far to love
Love of perfect, love of love
Romance in the sands of thought
Thoughts of you that only I see
Words that grasp to be implied
Implying what I only feel
Feeling what I know is not
Nodding slowly as I wake
To the season we all dread
Season of reality
Songs with faded melodies
Sung in tongues long since lost
Hear I mere insanity
I am here in sanity
Someone rescue me



MARI CHIJIWA

Eye of the Ant

JESUS F. KRYST

From up in Sidney Smith's the hall
Looking down off the ledge
I see crowded ants running to class
Stressed and bent, just to pass

And I glimpse a fellow eye
It is *her!*
With whom I would proudly march
Through the gates of hell
To forever burn, together

And in the antlike crowd
She is lost forever
Leaving me alone with the ants
& The foul stench of coffee...



MARI CHIJIWA

It Feels Like Rain

COREY KATZ

November rain
but it's an escape
The first step, the first breath
it slides into your lungs
you stop

and breathe deeply through your nose

it tastes great
like trees, rain, the street
it smells of the pink streetlamps
it feels like the glowing, shadowed trees

it feels like rain
not the burning acid rain or the sodium light of other poems
but it feels like real rain
like cold tears
like cold smooth tears
like the sky got to thinking about its problems and couldn't take it

I walk out to the street
and watch
transfixed
the lights in the puddles
bleeding and growing into each other like watercolours
needles climb the ladder of my spine
they shoot and shiver
and I watch as I add my own colour to the shimmering palette in front
of me

as I add one more circle of waves
from under my umbrella



KATE RUSNAK

Change

SHIRLEY HUNG

Red, Yellow, Brown.....
All CHANGE from Green.

Without a warning
Without a signal
All fall from the top
To the ground.

No option
No rejection
Cannot ask
Cannot complain

Too late to realize
They are no longer Green
Too late to feel the pain
Of falling to the ground

Step on the Reds
Step on the Yellows
Tears cannot be seen
Screaming sound is everywhere

Helplessly ask:
Where is the USUAL Green ?



MARI CHIJIWA

The Magic Medicine of Incubus

MICHELE COSTA

There are some shows you wait years for. Some are monumental disappointments, others drive way past your expectations. Incubus has been a mildly obsessive interest of mine for quite a long time, and as I had never gotten the opportunity to see them live before last week, I had a lot of expectations for the hopefully near orgasmic night I'd been looking forward to.

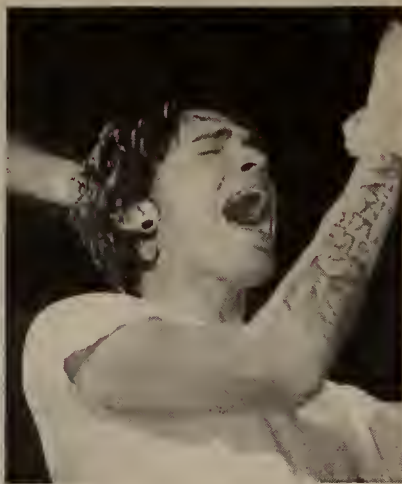
They played this past Wednesday the 17th, at Mississauga's Arrow Hall, along with opening band TheStart. For the sake of many of my good friends who thoroughly enjoy TheStart, which is pretty much a compilation of members from somewhat well known bands Snot and Human Waste Project, I think I will refrain from commenting on the somewhat cat-in-dire-pain sounds of the female singer's voice.

Incubus, who graces this month's cover of SPIN, put on an incredible show however. I have to say they couldn't have played a more perfect set in terms of my personal preferences in their songs. They played their obvious "hits" from *Make Yourself*, including, of course the somewhat overplayed but still incredible "Drive". They also played a good number of older songs from *S.C.I.E.N.C.E.*, as well as a few new songs, from the album *Morning View* that was released October 23rd. They started the night off with "Stellar" and "Pardon Me", which infused a huge amount of energy into the crowd and it just kept going from there. I did find that the crowd was somewhat divided between fans

around the age of 15 who sang along to the radio hits as loud as they could and almost pulled each others pigtailed out in excitement when singer Brandon Boyd took off his shirt, contrasted by older fans that really reacted and sang along to the old ones, while the pigtail girls looked on in confusion. The new songs got good reactions, especially "Mexico" which got the girls wiping away tears and the boys reaching for their lighters.

The show, as well as the new album, promises that the band has lived up to the expectation that was put forth after the success of their last album. Brandon's powerful melodic vocals beautifully matched up with spiked screams, and accompanied by a guitar and bass style that seems a little more smooth and mellow than their previous efforts, with a bit of the bounce and funk of their old material missing. The sampling and DJ effort holds its ground though, in terms of contrast to the previous releases.

I don't recall ever being to a show that actually ended before 10 pm, but that could be due to the location of the venue, not being downtown as most shows are. We left the show, tired, but filled with that crazy energy rush you get after seeing a band play, where all you really want to do (besides join Brandon and the boys on the tour bus) is see a million more shows, preferable all headlined by the band you just enjoyed. Being 10 pm I'm sure there probably were many other shows just starting, but I think Incubus would be a hard act to follow, and it would be unfair to put that expectation on the shoulders of some small punk band



playing their first show at the Cathedral or something along those lines. Its going to take a lot for a band to beat the performance of Incubus, both through their recorded material, as well as shows such as the one I (finally) got to see.

Matt Good – At Last There is Nothing Left to Say

KIMBERLY MULHOLLAND

The year was 1995 when I heard my first Matthew Good Band song. It's safe to say that I was immediately hooked. This long time infatuation has been much to the dismay of my friends who have patiently listened to me obsess, rant and rave about one of the figures I find most intriguing. The man in question is Matt Good. Matthew Good is the acclaimed singer and songwriter of Vancouver based Matthew Good Band. My friends have been by my side through the many years of my analytical quest to enter the mind of this mysterious being. I've found his main appeal is the ability to inflame and intrigue the thought process. I won't deny the fact that I am one of those Matt Good junkies who scrambles for any piece of Matt Good merchandise I can get my hands on. The latest of these is the new book entitled *At Last There is Nothing Left to Say*. It is the brain child of Matt Good, complete with never before read dark yet illuminating manifestos and stories, as well as previous writings that were published on the bands website, www.matthewgoodband.com. This debut book released by Insomniac Press is a collection of personal truths and revelations about life, the world and the people surrounding it. It can be looked as a huge cynical and satirical comment on the aspects of a new mass cultured society and individuals. The reviews formed so far are almost more entertaining than the book itself. *National Book Review Weekly* calls it "complete crap from beginning to end". *Lakeside Independent* says "Extremely redundant and wandering. The kind of book that makes you feel like you've wasted precious hours of your life for nothing". Possibly the most burning review comes from *The Book Monitors* when they declare, "Disjointed, schizophrenic,

and downright absurd. A damn fine example of why freedom of speech can be as harmful as it is empowering." Matt Good thrives and plays upon these negative views to his advantage. He devotes a whole manifesto to this type of response entitled, *How Stupid the World? Let's Find Out*. He is completely unconcerned with alienating any part of his fan base. He devotes this daring section as a compilation of e-mails he's received from disgruntled individuals who... well come across as less intelligent than most. A prime example of this comes from an individual writing "You will burn in hell for your blasphemy. Jesus loves all people but I am afraid that he will never love you." Matt Good jumps on these contradictory word plays. He's not afraid to take on anything or anyone in his writings. I've always looked at Matt Good as one of the more eccentric and exciting minds in Canadian music today. He appears on the outside as brash, bratty, unconventional, seemingly arrogant and fearless of criticism. But one has to wonder how much of this is real after certain readings. A real sense of self comes through with lines such as "I'm so unoriginal. I've been hiding hoping you wouldn't notice". He almost works at contradiction, becoming an almost genius of sorts. Not a conventional genius, but one in his own right. Matt Good calls his manifestos essays hidden in fiction. A deeper meaning can be found if one wants to look for it. As much as this book fails to fall into high literary standards it holds a strong element of truth which many can relate too. It doesn't portray any dynamics of good literary function, which might be the beauty of the work. One of the best excerpts comes from the manifesto *Timing is Everything*. Matt Good writes, "I woke up this morning, it's been difficult of late. I have come to realize that if you spend

enough time watching things that would have otherwise gone unnoticed you will begin to realize that you are the keeper of a terrible secret. Yourself". His stories take the reader on a journey through his dark, cynical and almost distorted mind processes. He takes you to a place somewhat suspended by reality and fantasy.

This piece of literary wit is definitely one for fans of the Matthew Good Band. It gives the fan an inner glimpse at the manifestations forming in Matt Good's mind and allows for a clearer concept of where his lyrics and music are dug up from. A reader definitely needs some background on the Matthew Good Band's lyrical content and style in order to be familiar with the writing style and sense of language used in the book. I'll admit it is a difficult read and is meant to be thought out in moderation. It is too overwhelming to attempt to take on the whole book at once. Matt Good remains one of the most fascinating figures in Canadian music and part of this appeal lies in the fact that you're always unsure if you can take what he says and does at face value or if you want to call him on his continual mind games. This book brings me no closer to understanding his mysterious ways and I might even be further from that understanding than before, but I enjoyed this read nonetheless. The entertainment value to one of his fans is unmatched to anything.

The only way I can possibly end this is with nothing other than a Matt Good declaration that pretty much sums up his aim with this collection of writings. "Soon the world will know my genius. They will know the truth".

The Last Days of the El Mocambo

VANESSA MEADU

"Last Blowup *ever!*" seemed to be last week's favourite phrase. I heard it from the skinny dancing boy at the record store, I heard it from my friends, I heard it from the bouncer at the El Mo... and I said it myself about 8 million times. Blowup's been a 'staple' of the indie-mod-pop-stuff scene for the past 6 or so years; a dance night where all the stylish freaks come out to bop around to the Stone Roses, Japanese pop and kitschy 60's funk. Now that the El Mo was closing, nobody really knew what was going to happen. We'd therefore adopted a rather apocalyptic view of the fate of our favourite dance night. Last Blowup *ever!*

I didn't really discover the joys of the El Mocambo until I moved downtown this year. I'd been there precisely once before this year and it had struck me as a worse-than-average typically dirty bar/club. As I started to hear rumours in September of the El Mo's imminent end, I began to frequent the place more and more. You know how drivers slow their cars to gape at an accident on the side of the road? It was that sort of reaction. The more I went, though, the more in love I became with the place. I started to develop a bizarre nostalgia - bizarre in the sense that it wasn't really based on any of my own experience.

"Y'know, the *Stones* played here! Wow, Keith Richards! Look at the sedits!" This was me some weeks ago, queuing up in the dark El Mo stairwell, waiting to get to the club upstairs. I was reading one of the dozens of computer printouts that had been taped to the dirty walls in an attempt to bring attention to the club's prestigious history. I use the term loosely. It did work, though. I mean, come on... Keith Richards!

My attachment to the place is in no small part due to the fact that it's closing down. I do, however, see myself as having experienced some great musical history, or at least debauchery. I attended part of the *Living Today* festival there earlier this month, and got to see some amazing indie shoe-gaze/dream-pop bands from Toronto and elsewhere (such as Picastro, Hollowphonic, and my favourite, Raising The Fawn). I saw Peaches play a show that I can only describe as legendary. She performed for a good 2 hours, in all her sweaty, bitchy, fetishist glory to an absolutely smitten crowd. It was the first time I ever went deaf at a show and didn't mind one bit! I attended a couple of Blowups, and danced way past 4am, ultimately struggling for that last bit of energy to walk home, dirty, smelling of cigarettes, and absolutely satisfied. And the people... the people! It would have been worth going to half those events just to gaze in awe at the unusual and beautiful people on the floor - from the school-girls, to the vampires, to the mod boys and their swinging dance moves, the crowd at the El Mo knew how to have a good time. And it was because the El Mo knew how to give us a good time. That 'last' night was a moving one. People were decked out for Halloween, and were generally in a more upbeat, looking-for-a-kick mood. Everyone was a little more friendly, a little more polite, and definitely there to enjoy themselves. The bouncer even hugged my friends and me on the way out. Hopefully, he'll be moving to a new T.O. venue...

Club Promoter Dan Burke is continuing to book acts into other Toronto clubs, and the rumour mill is going crazy with stories of where the new El Mo will be. The venue has been bought, and the new owner plans to convert the upstairs club into a dance studio. The fate of the downstairs remains unknown, but it will be closed indefinitely after November 4.

As for the Last Blowup *ever!*... well the hype was just that. Blowup's last night at the El Mocambo is actually Saturday November 3. After that date, Promoter Davy Love and his crew, "leading scholars and purveyors of all pop-cultural matters Britannia, will spin their Britrock, 60s RnB, Motown, classic Psych and Mod music to an everlasting full house of the young and hip at the Comfort Zone" (480 Spadina Ave, 1 block north of the El Mo). It's nice to know there's still a place for us.

JENNIFER TONG

It's Halloween night, and the crowd at the Phoenix is tired, sweaty and impatient as they wait for David Usher to take the stage. Although he's known primarily as the frontman of Moist, one of Canada's favourite rock bands, David is also a successful solo artist. He's been touring the country for the last two months promoting his latest album *Morning Orbit*, which has just recently gone gold. The concert here in Toronto is the last stop on his 45-show tour. And tonight, his fans have been waiting for nearly three hours. They've endured not one, but two stomach-turning opening acts. Not exactly a great way to kick off the spookiest night of the year.

Nevertheless, any misgivings are soon forgotten. In the true spirit of Halloween, the band takes the stage dressed as zombies, complete with fake blood and ragged clothing. David, decked out in blackened veins and a tattered pink tuxedo shirt, is greeted with the ecstatic screams of the crowd. He opens with "Too Close to the Sun", a single off of *Morning Orbit* - and right off the bat, he simply rocks. This is a pleasant surprise to the serious rock-alt fan, considering that on his cds, David often sounds like he's swallowed one Prozac too many. Maybe it's the great sound system at the Phoenix, or maybe it's the intimacy of the venue, but in concert, David's music definitely sounds bigger and hits harder. And fans of the softer side of rock will be glad to know that the music never becomes overbearing. Instead, his songs are simply infused with an energy that doesn't turn up on the cd singles. It's obvious that David and his band are truly passionate about their music, and when the band has fun, the crowd does too.

The night's set includes "Forest Fire" and other tunes from

David's first album, *Little Songs*. He also plays "Butterfly" and "Black Black Heart", singles off of *Morning Orbit*, and treats his fans to Moist chart-toppers "Breathe" and "Resurrection". David is reputed to be a natural crowd pleaser, and tonight he certainly goes the extra mile to satisfy his fans. Not only does he oblige a request to sing in Thai (David is half Thai), he chooses "Alone in the Universe", the phenomenally successful single from *Morning Orbit*, as the song in which he'll practice his Thai. A humble and gracious performer, David plays down his fame, especially his popularity with the ladies. Even when he's showered with undergarments from the ladies in the crowd, David merely smiles and pretends they're for guitarist Jeff Pearce.

The high point of the concert comes in the first encore, when David has his band cover a hybrid song made up of verses from Madonna's "Music" and choruses from Weezer's "Hash Pipe" (kudos to David for reinterpreting Madonna's electronic pop and mixing it so effortlessly with the guitar-driven "Hash Pipe"). Even though he's known to cover tunes that are unlike his own music, tonight's selection is entirely unexpected. And that's just what the audience loves about it. Fueled by the infectious enthusiasm of the band, the crowd reaches new heights of David-mania.

But as with all good things, the night's festivities eventually come to an end. After a quiet rendition of "Gasoline" as the second encore, the lights come back on and the audience trudges back outside. Ears ringing, half-deaf and drenched in sweat, we're reeling from the heady contentment that follows all great performances. Tonight at the Phoenix, David Usher's concert proves to be a true Halloween treat.

Black Market Music - Placebo

ANANT MATHUR

Brian Molko, Stefan Olsdal and Steve Hewitt. This is Placebo. A European band that has more to offer than the usual synth-pop that the continent is famous for. (Remember bands like Modern Talking and A-HA?)

Placebo is a rock band whose roots lie deep in punk rock and the avant-garde rock of David Bowie's Brian Eno era. Combining these influences, the band has managed to create an impressive and distinctive sound for itself. Their strength lies in singer-songwriter and frontman Brian Molko's ability to compose strong singles. As a songwriter, he has displayed more emotional depth than most of his contemporaries in the three albums that the band has released. And with the release of *Black Market Music*, their third and best effort to date, Brian Molko & Co. have finally arrived. They may have shed their glam-rock aesthetics and abandoned their self-destructive bohemian nature, but they're just as cynical as ever and they're here to deconstruct the human psyche.

Black Market Music is very much a humanist record. Molko examines every aspect of the human mind and rips its baseless wide open. It's like biting into a red juicy looking apple, only to find it infested with maggots. The songs ultimately represent this horrific decay, the shallowness and vanity of the human mind. But what's surprising is that while the themes are sombre and depressing, the music is fresh and extremely melodious. The guitar is restrained and slick. The band has traded its fiery and brash guitar sound for a toned down, but sophisticated, studio sound. Taste in Men has an infectious synth-groove, around which Molko's distinctive androgynous wail and screeching guitar is heard at regular intervals. This track would probably appear a complete mess when heard for the first time, but its synth-groove is catchy and it definitely grows on the listener.

One of the most revealing and personal songs on the album, *Commercial For Levi* is stern advice for fellow hedonists on alcohol and substance abuse and speaks volumes

of the band's maturity and its hugely apparent transition. Simple guitar and an appeal for the simple pleasures of life, this is the new Placebo. Though the album doesn't boast of any blistering rockers like the immensely popular *Every You Every Me*, it does have songs like *Special K* and *Black Eyed*, which are every bit melodic and powerful, yet understated in comparison. The choir-boy like background vocals on *Special K*, add a pseudo innocence to Molko's perverse lyrics, a tactic they seem to have grown really fond of, since their eponymous debut album.

Blue American and Narcoleptic are Molko's most introspective songs on the album. The misunderstood child and the injured man, he unabashedly reveals his most intimate feelings through these songs which are largely piano driven. Absolutely marvellous!

Placebo's take on rap results in a 'song with a message' - *Spite & Malice*. This is infinitely superior to any of the other rap-metal songs being churned out in the US these days, and less pretentious. And there is a lot more music and structure to it than its transatlantic cousins.

The plink-plonk of the piano and light tremolo guitar and gorgeous vocals make up *Peeping Tom*, the closing track of the album. This is Molko's advice to himself. He criticizes his hitherto perverse and hedonistic lifestyle and appears to cry for help as he drowns in mire of guilt and shame. Problem with the booze/Nothing left to lose/I'm faithless/I'm scared...

Black Market Music is a stunning record that deserves to be taken more seriously than its predecessors. While *Without You I'm Nothing* had the band imitating the glam-rock of the 70s and having lots of fun, in *Black Market Music* the members are true to themselves and make a sincere effort to fashion an original record. It is also an important step forward for Molko, for he has now found the ability to write songs that would even make a butterfly weep.

Rating: 8/10

For more information on this band, please visit www.placebo.world.co.uk.

Campbell at Innis, Zombies Kept at Bay

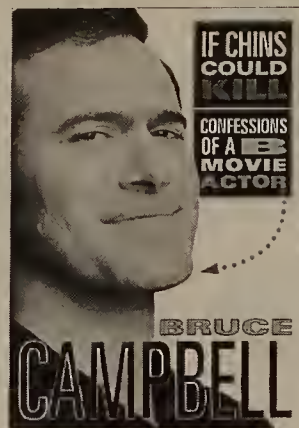
Cult Actor Bruce Campbell Entertains Sold Out Crowd At Innis Town Hall

LEILAH AMBROSE

On Tuesday, October 9, Innis Town Hall played host to one of modern history's most notable zombie hunters. Underground idol Bruce Campbell read, discussed and signed his new autobiographical account, *If Chins Could Kill: Confessions of a B-Movie Actor* in front of an audience of highly varied and enthusiastic fans. Mr. Campbell's fan-base has been steadily mounting since the 1982 release *Evil Dead*, the vanguard work of the Sam Raimi/Campbell partnership of humour-horror genre films. This film, together with its sequels *Evil Dead 2* and *Army of Darkness*, did not prove lucrative box office smashes, but have indeed garnered the actor a certain notoriety amongst cult classic heroes. Since these releases, Campbell has appeared in several other films, a recurring role on the cultish *Xena: Warrior Princess* series, two of his own series (*The Adventures of Brisco County, Jr.* and *Jack of All Trades*), a Playstation game, and numerous action figures. In the packed auditorium of the Innis Hall, hushed whispers of the assemblage grew to a roar of appreciation as Mr. Campbell made his way down to the podium. Physically, he was strikingly different from his onscreen personality: Mr. Campbell's appearance, duly including tweed jacket and glasses, was more akin to that of a professor than a man who has made his livelihood from laying waste to legions of the damned.

Mr. Campbell dove directly into reading from a chapter of his book entitled

"Fanalysis". This segment provides a compendium of sordid tales from the world of the b-movie fan, with transcribed emails of both a devotional and detractorial nature. Fan comments have apparently run the gamut from the bizarre ("Brisco County Jr. saved me from suicide") to the biting ("Ever wonder what it would be like to possess actual talent?"), and were both treated to a dose of Campbell's pleasingly caustic commentary. His reading was sugared with a cynicism which proved highly attractive to the assembled company. The house was roaring with laughter for a full twenty minutes. He then requested questions from the audience, which included typical queries about his upcoming appearances, and what he looks for in a role. Here he grinned and explained that good scripts made him nervous, also allowing that some of his roles were merely gestures of solidarity to old school friends, which explained *From Dusk till Dawn 2*. The discussion was peppered with colourful deviations à propos his filmography, such as his little recognized appearance in the Coen Brothers' *Fargo*. During the infamous wood chipper scene, a television is apparently playing a segment from a 1982 soap opera on which Mr. Campbell had a role. He gleefully, with a sort of facetious pride, concluded that he had, in fact, appeared in an Academy Award winning film. Just prior to the signing portion of the evening, he divulged information pertaining to his upcoming roles: a romantic comedy with Matthew Perry and Liz Hurley as well as a brief cameo alongside "the Tobester" in Sam Raimi's *Spider-Man*. It must



be noted that it was news about his new film in production, *Bubba Ho-tep*, that was received with the most enthusiasm. The narrative follows the exploits of two elderly men, one who believes himself to be Elvis, the other thinking himself JFK, in their quest to defeat zombies who plunder local retirement homes for fresh brains. It can hardly be said therefore, that this actor's book tour and high-profile future endeavors pigeonhole him a "sell out." As he himself declared at the end of the evening, "I'm still slumming it, don't worry."

A Modern Noir with a Little Beethoven

The Man Who Wasn't There

LEILAH AMBROSE

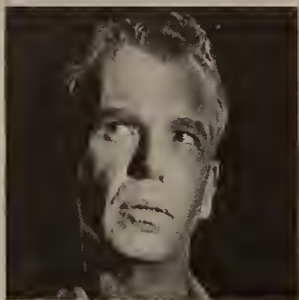
The feel of the Coen Brothers' latest venture, *The Man Who Wasn't There*, is most clearly expressed through nouns than adjectives. A burning cigarette, deception, dry cleaning and Beethoven. Aesthetically and thematically, it adopts many of the traits common to the noir genre: chiaroscuro lighting, black and white film stock, and a town riding on a crest of corruption and deceit.

It is the story of a small town barber, Ed Crane (Billy Bob Thornton), whose existence is so unremarkable that he seizes upon the first opportunity to revise it. Such a chance arrives in the form of a mysterious, bumbling entrepreneur who promises him a place in a dry cleaning venture for only \$10,000. Crane decides to drum up the capital by blackmailing Big Dave (*The Sopranos*' James Gandolfini), his wife's store manager whom he suspects of having an illicit affair with his wife. The rest of the plot consists of the destruction of his plan, a semi-tragic downward spiral which both liberates Ed from the drabness of routine, but does not quite deliver him from mediocrity.

Sound dark? It is. However, in classic Coen Brothers' form, it somehow manages to escape the damnifying drama which makes such

narratives uncomfortable. As a tribute to noir, *The Man Who Wasn't There* resembles more of a *Blood Simple* or *Miller's Crossing* than a *Big Lebowski*. The Coens are reunited with such actors as Francis McDormand (*Fargo*), with whom a director/actor rapport has already been established. Billy Bob Thornton returns to the screen with a performance of such remarkable restraint, it can be closely likened to that of his Karl Childers in 1996's *Sling Blade*. Mr. Thornton's deadpan narration and expression generates the film's strongest sense of character: a simple man, caught unaware by circumstance. This 'circumstance' satisfies both the typical Coen Brothers' sensibility, as well as the noir cry for a narrative based on an ironic turn of fate. The film is not, however, devoid of humour: rather, its drama is strengthened by its omnipresence. Both the deadpan attitude and the leisurely pace of the film lend themselves well to a dry wit, present in almost every scene. Humour is not to be mistaken for comedy in this case. It is a dark sort of hilarity, which binds Ed's alienated state with the assembled cast of off-the-wall Coen characters.

Possibly the film's strongest point lies in its atmosphere. It is a seamless celebration of 1940's aesthetics. Roger Deakins, the pet cinematographer behind *Fargo*, *The Hudsucker Proxy*, and *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* (to name a few), captures the stifled ambience,



Billy Bob Thornton as barber, Ed Crane

but tempers it with the beauty of a well constructed image. His close-up shots are eloquent punctuation to the pace of the story, creating situations which are as scintillating as they are abnormal. Each scene in this film, as with most other films of the genre, could be a photograph unto itself.

The film, despite its current limited engagement run, is already being hailed as one of the top offerings of the year. It walked away with the Best Director award at this year's Cannes film festival. Ed's story, which is a consideration of the true meaning of failure, is duly a work of art which promises success.

You Don't Know Jack



From Hell

M.M. CHAMPAGNE

From Hell is the fourth feature from the fraternal directing team of Albert and Allen Hughes. This time, the directors who brought us *Dead Presidents* and *Menace II Society*, take us out of the slums of 20th century America, and into the slums of 19th century England. The film stars Johnny Depp, Heather Graham, Robbie Coltrane, and an extensive supporting cast of British stereotypes. (Shine ya shoes, govna?)

In *From Hell*, Mr. Depp plays Sherlock Holmes, oops, I mean, Fred Abberline, a Scotland Yard investigator whose clairvoyant gift more than makes up for his debilitating cocaine, oops, I mean, opium addiction. (An effect of which is, apparently, an overwhelming compulsion to wear brown eye shadow and eyeliner.) Heather Graham plays Mary Kelly, an Irish whore, who, despite the fact that she is the only person with all her teeth, combed hair and no visible cold sores, still can't get enough work to pay off the pimps who are constantly threatening to "cut" her.

Though Abberline is educated and Kelly is Irish, their accents are surprisingly similar, speaking a lowbrow cockney slang, using word like "phink" and "wif" (as in, "I phink I'll come wif you." What can I say, they're no Gwyneth Paltrow.) When whores start popping up dead in the Whitechapel area, Abberline is called to investigate. With the help of his faithful partner Watson, damn, I mean, Peter Godley, played by Mr. Coltrane, the mystery of Jack the Ripper begins to unfold.

So what, you might ask, is the key to these murders? What detail have we overlooked these past 100 years? Well, the truth is out there, and it all comes down to...grapes. You see, all the victims ate grapes, and luckily, not a single one of them ever thought to throw the stem away. Their throats were being slashed, but they held on to that empty sprig like there was no tomorrow. But enough about the plot, I would hate to give anything away.

From Hell is not so bad that I feel comfortable making jokes about the title. Some of the effects are interesting and it does have style, though maybe not as much as you'd expect of a film based on a graphic novel. None-

Continued on next page

Make Me Laugh

The re-release of *Funny Girl* went largely unnoticed by theatre-goers, but is now being released on DVD



Barbra Streisand in 1969 with her Best Actress Oscar

KAREN LIU

After almost three years of rebuilding the negative to William Wyler's *Funny Girl*, Babs is back and raring to go. The Barbra Streisand vehicle that launched her film career was originally released in 1968. It won her the 1968 Academy Award for Best Actress, a notable accomplishment for a cinematic debut. This film adaptation of one of Broadway's longest running musicals about real life Broadway legend Fanny Brice not only catapulted Barbra Streisand to legendary status herself, but her persona began to mirror that of the character she played.

Funny Girl documents the rise of Fanny Brice's stardom, from skinny uncoordinated chorus girl to being an adored comedienne for whom Mr. Ziegfeld (Walter Pidgeon) himself waited on. It also centres on the rise and fall of her relationship with gambler Nick Arnstein (Omar Sharif). Ms. Streisand sings for the film's conclusion "My Man," the song Fanny Brice made memorable and which later becomes Ms. Streisand's own personal anthem, as we see in her last concert tour she sports the same gown she wore in that scene in the film, a few decades later.

This newly restored print is Academy Award-winning director William Wyler's final edited "road show version" complete with the original overture, intermission music and exit music. The experience is much like that of going to see a staged musical, rather than catching a mere flick. This restoration made use of Technicolor's newly re-introduced Dye Transfer Process to give the original rich color saturation in the cinematography of Harry Stradling, who photographed Ms. Streisand beautifully.

Although this is Ms. Streisand's first film ever, in hindsight one cannot help but compare her to the Fanny Brice she portrayed. Ms. Streisand is not considered a conventional beauty, but like Miss Brice, climbed her way to superstardom via her enormous talent and determination, as well as her tireless energy and ambition. Ms. Streisand is known for possessing a razor wit like Miss Brice, where in response to the political uproar caused by the on-screen kiss between the Jewish actress and Egyptian Mr. Sharif, she responded with "You think Cairo was upset? You should've seen the letter I got from my Aunt Rosel!" It established

Barbra Streisand as a celebrity and talent to be reckoned with, and created an enormous fan base. Which brings up the curious nature of the way this film has been promoted. Quite frankly, the re-release did not last more than two weeks in the theatres. According to Columbia, minimal publicity was spent on this film.

The question rings with a resounding WHY?

Why go through the incredible expense and effort to clean up the film only to pull it out of the theatres so quickly? Columbia responded that the focus was to release it in the video and DVD market. However, having seen it on the big screen, is not that the way to show off its glory and splendor? Why restrict it to smaller screen then? Surely this film possesses many opportunities to bring in a large audience. It has been distanced enough from its original release date that it comes across as almost a brand new film to an uninitiated audience.

Funny Girl came at its most opportune time, but sadly, for whatever reason, did not capitalize on it. *Funny Girl* was also a personal film for myself, as many of us non-American Beauty Roses can relate to her character. The music and Ms. Streisand's singing was stupendous, the costume and production design stunning, and brought back reminders of the big-budget musical heyday. The film did not create a legend out of nothing. Fanny Brice certainly had that something, and it translated well in the film to Barbra Streisand. And it certainly cannot be disputed as being amongst one of the greatest musicals ever. What a pity that this generation has passed it over so quickly, like ignoring a 1-carat diamond ring dropped on the street. A-

VIDEO CORNER

BARI GOODIS

Shrek

With all the hype and anticipation surrounding the DVD release of this year's biggest movie, I'm sorry to say that *Shrek* is a letdown. I wanted more than anything to give this disc a glowing review, especially in light of the fact that the film itself is an outstanding release from the animation team at PDI DreamWorks. Instead, I find myself with the daunting task of having to break it to you, the reader, that this DVD isn't nearly as entertaining and informative as it could have been.

The story of *Shrek* is fairly simple: a mean green ogre named Shrek lives alone in his messy little swamp which is soon invaded by a cast of colorful fairytale characters that have been exiled from the castle of the scheming Lord Farquaad. In order to reclaim his beloved swamp, Shrek teams up with a loudmouthed Donkey and sets off to rescue the feisty Princess Fiona and return her to Farquaad as his bride.

My disappointments with the DVD release of *Shrek* have little to do with the film itself, and a great deal to do with the caliber of the bonus material on the disc. This "Two-Disc Special Edition" is neither special nor does it justify being released as a double-disc set. The first disc includes the 1:33:1 full frame transfer of the film while the second includes the 1:78:1 anamorphic widescreen transfer. It is a mystery to me why anyone would want two versions of the same movie, let alone the pan & scan full-framed version.

A growing trend amongst DreamWorks DVD's appears to be the inclusion of bonus material that are more directed towards the promotional aspect of the film, and less to-

wards actually enhancing the audience's viewing pleasure of the film at hand. What I do not understand, however, is why DreamWorks continues to pack their DVD releases with bonus material that is narrated in such a way that it is trying to entice the viewer to see the movie. One would imagine that if you have gone to the trouble of obtaining the DVD, it isn't necessary for the bonus material to try to convince you to see the actual film. Granted, the behind-the-scenes featurette contained on the first disc of the *Shrek* DVD is entertaining, however, it baffles me to see these same interviews and technological blunders repeated in the subsequent making-of-features that appear on the second disc.

While it isn't clear exactly where the extended ending that has been hyped so much can be located, there is a feature entitled *Shrek In The Swamp Karaoke Dance Party* that is quite entertaining. The three-minute music video-like segment features a plethora of characters from the film singing and dancing to a variety of hit songs. The sequence is enjoyable to watch, but it will likely disappoint after all the unnecessary hype that surrounds it.

My overall impression of this disc is that it is largely targeted towards the film's younger audience, which is a shame because the movie is so beloved by all generations. The numerous games and activities contained on both discs (most of which require a DVD ROM in order to access them) are geared towards elementary-school aged children and will be seen by *Shrek*-enthusiasts as a waste of time and space.

The film: A The DVD: C

FREE MOVIES

BENJAMIN WRIGHT
FILM EDITOR

There is a place where the popcorn is free, where soda pop runs like wine, and where admission is secured by something called the press pass.

Hidden in office buildings and cinemas throughout the city, small auditoriums are employed to screen advance prints of upcoming films. Inside these dark chambers are the scattering of Toronto's media juggernauts; a small group of writers, critics, and personalities that use their corporate connections to obtain a seat in what has become the norm in a movie's promotional blitz.

Big budgets or small, big studios or not, members of the press in Toronto have been treated to advance screenings for years. It's not uncommon that a film be screened seven to ten days before its actual release in order to allow the news media time to prepare lengthy copy for their publication date.

In obtaining press status, one must go no further than the proverbial white pages. Anyone with a self-described "publication"—be it an internet website or a cheeky newsletter that is read by no one outside the publisher's immediate family—can attend a press screening. In many ways, these screenings remain one of

the last untouched pariahs of mass public consumption. Since they take place early on week-day mornings and are held in remote locations, most media-hungry goofs do not possess the necessary wherewithal to search them out.

If I go any further in describing the technical points of this media phenomenon, then I would surely be biting the hand that spoon-feeds all my glowing reviews of Hollywood films.

Yes, it is true that several studio representatives are present at these screenings, and some of them attempt to read the pulse of the critics by asking indirect questions about the *feelings* on a given film. "Will you give it a glowing review?" joked one studio rep. Sometimes the larger studios will pad the day with multiple screenings in order to numb critics and cynics alike. On one occasion, a reputable studio premiered a genuinely winning film alongside something not so winning. And it worked. The free popcorn and candy snacks, coupled with those comfy Varsity-Screening-Room-like chairs affected my critical third eye. I was prepared to give the second feature a positive review, if only for the way the executive brass of this aforementioned studio treated me.

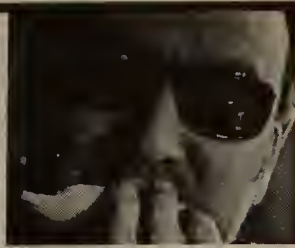
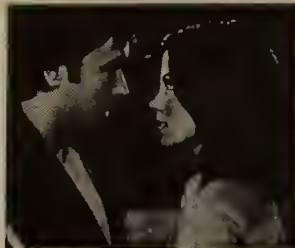
Can a critic be swayed by such niceties? Absolutely. Don't be ashamed to admit it.

Saucy Jack Strikes Back

Continued from previous page

theless, I have never before found a set stairs so frightening. Likewise, the Hughes brothers' take on industrialized London is quite interesting. All the lower class peasants are filthy, toothless, cut up, pock faced, imbeciles with fetishes for knives. The upper class are all over-educated, ignorant racists, who, in their refusal to believe that Jack might be one of their own, implicate "the red Indians", "socialists", "the Jews", "uneducated butchers", "furriers", "the Jews", "Orientals", "gangsters", and once again, "the Jews." This film also contains an interesting lesson in why carriages should have seat belts, and a cameo by John Merrick in a loincloth. (Eewwww!) It's also worth noting, that, as far as the victims go, the lesbian gets it last. Lesbians never make it out alive.

Having said all this, *From Hell* is still an entertaining film, if only because Mr. Coltrane and Mr. Depp are always watchable. And the hypothesis it presents for the murders is engaging, though somewhat farfetched. If you haven't read the novel, *From Hell* is worth a matinee. But, if you are a fan, and you were excited to hear this film was being made...don't bother. You're much better off imagining how good it could be, then knowing how average it really is. B



BY THE NUMBERS

OCTOBER

TYLER GREENBERG

THE LAST CASTLE
Dir. Rod Lurie
Robert Redford, James Gandolfini
DreamWorks

REBECCA MCKEAND

Dostoevsky's Forgotten Project: *Training Day*

ADAM MYERS

Top Five Box Office

1. TRAINING DAY - 65m
2. SERENDIPITY - 40m
3. BANDITS - 32.1m
4. FROM HELL - 20.6m
5. CORKY ROMANO - 20.2m

Critical Summary

BANDITS - C+
FROM HELL - B
FUNNY GIRL - A-
JOY RIDE - B+
K-PAX - B-
THE LAST CASTLE - D
THE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE - A
MULHOLLAND DRIVE - A
THE ONE - B-
THIRTEEN GHOSTS - D+

K-PAX is a study in truth. What is the truth behind the delusional Prot? Do we as an audience want to believe in it, or do we seek to uncover the facts?

Prot (Kevin Spacey), an enigmatic, and charismatic alien lands on Earth as a tourist. Prot's arrival coincides with a mugging and he is detained in the aftermath. He proclaims he is not from Earth and becomes a patient of Dr. Mark Powell (played by Jeff Bridges). Powell questions Prot's convictions and discovers his answers are uncanny in their detail and accuracy. Sound like something you've seen before?

Powell starts to question his own beliefs. Is Prot really an alien? To end all uncertainty, Prot is interviewed by several leading astronomers who are confounded by his knowledge. Of course the astronomers have no interest in receiving information from Prot, they just want to quiz him. Does he pass the million dollar question? Take a guess.

Although *K-PAX* is laden with Hollywood sentiment and banal conversations, the story is not lacking in intrigue and good ideas. We want to believe in the potential of the fantastic to heal and inspire. For example, Prot instructs hospital patients in the medicine of introspection.

The film begins with a charming narrative and establishes an otherworldly atmosphere. We find ourselves believing Prot. This obviously wasn't good enough for screenwriter Charles Leavitt so he decided to add more. Thus the last quarter of the film feels like a lingering addition.

Prot is akin to a modern day Christ; he acts as a saviour to the denizens of the mental institution, and is ultimately chastised. This connection acted as a balancing beam for the film. Director Iain Softley

said he wanted *K-PAX* to be grounded in realism - with a truth at the centre of it.

Mr. Softley directs the film with competency. The cinematography of John Mathieson (*Gladiator*) renders on-screen images with skill. Even Kevin Spacey plays his role with both charisma and confidence, he is believable as Prot which is a very hard thing to be. It just doesn't click.

K-PAX has all the right production qualities, but flounders on the melancholy predictable ending (All 30 minutes of it!). If there were any question that this was Hollywood formula filmmaking, the ending would certainly give it away. *K-PAX* isn't a stellar effort on anyone's part; director Iain Softley has done better on all fronts as have Mr. Bridges and Mr. Spacey. B-

At first glance *The Last Castle* has the potential to be an epic. It is about a decorated general who, by one fault, ends up in an army prison. The correctional facility, deemed *The Castle* by its inmates, is full of disgraced soldiers who, by one act or another, have had their service careers finished. We have General Irwin (Robert Redford), a decorated veteran, now banished to the castle. A tyrant-like leader runs the prison, Colonel Winter (James Gandolfini), who only dreams of the notability that Irwin has possessed. Usurping the authority of the warden, Irwin takes the inmates on a moral journey and sets out to prove that no man or thing can contain the human spirit.

From the opening narration by Irwin, we are given everything we need to know about the characters, their back-stories, and the tyrannical warden's envy of Irwin's command of the men.

The characters are very surface oriented and are defined by nothing except their prison number. General Irwin has no real dimension, no psychological delving, just a former respected war hero. It is disappointing because usually Mr. Redford is good at playing a character in control, which is what his character is for almost the entire movie, but he is simply dull. Colonel Winter is similar to Mr. Gandolfini's own Tony Soprano, the quintessential "bad guy." The success of this character type is that the audience will never like him. He keeps a constant enemy appeal throughout, which is, tragically, the character's only real purpose. The only character that seems interesting in the film is the stutterer, Corporal Agudiar (Clifton Collins, Jr.). We learn exactly why he is there, and we want to know more about him, but his presence in the film is short.

Unfortunately, the script cultivates into more of a stage direction for the planning out of the takeover of the prison. Director Rob Lurie, a graduate of West Point, along with co-writer Graham Yost (*Band of Brothers*) exhibit expertise in military protocol through the inventive ways the prisoners use simple devices to blow up watchtowers and basically take over the prison. Although it still remains unclear as to why the inmates automatically align themselves with Irwin.

One has to wonder what purpose the film was trying to exemplify. *The Last Castle* could have had more potential if it was not so focused on actual army commands, and more on the emotion within the characters themselves. It is hard to find a purpose to a film when one cannot identify with it. D

Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* stands out as a literary giant among giants, arguably unparalleled in its profundity, which begs the question: why is there no well-known cinematic edition of this magnificent story?

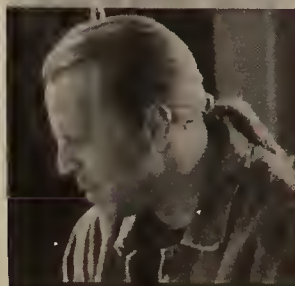
At least to my knowledge, no film carrying this title has been produced, but one recent release bears a striking but implicit resemblance to Dostoevsky's unforgettable novel. The one to which I am referring is *Training Day* starring Denzel Washington. The connection between the two is only apparent on a very deep level; superficially, the two seem completely unrelated. Their similarity lies in their shared statements about the inexorable link between law and the human psyche.

In essence, the thesis of *Crime and Punishment* is that law is a product of humanity's collective values and sensibility and anyone who breaks the law inflicts a grievous wound upon his or her own psyche that cannot be healed until things are rectified.

At first glance *Training Day* bears no similarity to Dostoevsky's classic. In fact, it is dubious as to whether the creators of the movie had *Crime and Punishment* on their minds when writing the script. However, the parallels are undeniable, whether intended or not.

Training Day is about a young, ambitious LAPD officer named Jake Hoyt who is inducted into an elite law-enforcement unit, which he regards as a stepping stone to earning the rank of Detective. The shady and enigmatic Det. Alonzo Harris is assigned to Hoyt as a mentor for one day. Hoyt is an optimist with strong moral convictions, the antithesis of Alonzo, who is as become cynical and takes great liberties with the law.

As the day goes on and Hoyt is exposed to more and more of the grim reality of Los Angeles' criminal underworld, Alonzo's questionable methodology seems increasingly justified. His attitude is essentially Machiavellian; it is acceptable to use ethically and legally questionable means to achieve a laudable end, namely protecting innocent people. Hoyt comes close to embracing the same attitude when he is forced to use a prohibited technique to apprehend two violent perpetrators and Alonzo commends him, pointing out that he merely "did what he had to do in that situation." The slaughter of a drug dealer by Alonzo is arguably justified on moral grounds, but it drives Hoyt to distraction until the situation is brought to an acceptable resolution. In other words, he would not be able to go on with his life and career until Alonzo is brought to justice, despite the fact that Alonzo is his best hope in his quest to become a Detective.





MULHOLLAND DRIVE

Dir. David Lynch
Justin Theroux, Naomi Watts
Alliance Atlantis

JULIE MACARTHUR



JOY RIDE

Dir. John Dahl
Leelee Sobieski, Steve Zahn
20th Century Fox

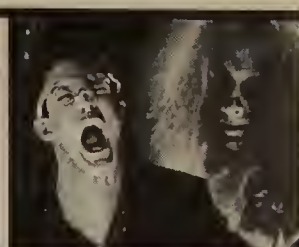
TYLER GREENBERG



THE ONE

Dir. James Wong
Jet Li, Delroy Lindo
Columbia

KAREN LIU



THIRTEEN GHOSTS

Dir. Steve Beck
Shannon Elizabeth, Tony Shaloub
Warner Bros.

CAITLIN MCKENNA

A reviewer's greatest fear is giving too much away. *Mulholland Drive* is the tale of... Tell you what, see it for yourself, and then maybe you can tell me what it was about.

Well, here's what I thought it was about. Two women's lives become fatedly intertwined... with sexy results. We begin in Hollywood, driving down Mulholland Drive with a mysterious, dark woman (Laura Harring). There is an accident and she runs away, the only survivor, now with a serious case of amnesia. She sees a woman leaving on some sort of trip and so she sneaks into her house to hide out. Then there is a young, cheery, innocent girl (Naomi Watts), aptly named Betty, who dreams of being discovered amid the sparkling lights of Hollywood. While staying at her aunt's house, whom does she discover naked in the shower but the dark, amnesiac woman. From here on the movie traces the two girls' attempts to discover the truth about the stranger who now calls herself Rita (after Ms. Hayworth of course). There you have it. Oh there's so much more, but I will give no pretense of having understood what happened after this, or if this even happened.

What I do know is that David Lynch (*Blue Velvet*) has created an illusory world that will entrance and captivate past the limits of narrative coherence.

Visually, this film stands out as a stylistic marvel. In its most *noirish* moments, the compositions produce beautifully arranged mirrors and emblems. At it's most fantastic, elements shift and disappear as if not accountable to natural laws. Beautifully poetic moments are juxtaposed with the brutally grotesque. In a strikingly staged scene where the two women go to a bizarre nightclub, it is announced to the audience that "everything is a tape; everything is just a recording." After this point, nothing in the film can be taken as narrative truth.

One of this film's strongest attributes is the wonderful performance by Ms. Watts. By the film's second half, when chaos takes over the narrative, she morphs from the sweet, frightened Betty, to a desperate and mad woman. This comes complete with a most unsettling and frightening insaturation scene.

This provocative and spellbinding film not only requires but also warrants repeat viewings. For those who dare venture into the dark recesses of Mr. Lynch's revisited illusory realm of fright and delight, this film will satisfy that desire to see a film that goes beyond and dares the mind to find rationalization in chaos. A

John Dahl's witty dark style returns to *Joy Ride*, a thriller that puts thrill back into the name.

Lewis (Paul Walker) a student in California plays a man on a mission - to pick up and seduce a female friend, Venna (Leelee Sobieski). To fulfill his masculine mission Lewis must drive to Boulder where Venna is, but on the way he receives notice that his brother Fuller (Steve Zahn) is in Salt Lake City where he is being held in jail on intoxication charges and awaiting bail.

Most road trips consist of humour, and this one is no exception. Older brother Fuller purchases a CB radio for the car. This is where the fun ends for the brothers and begins for the audience. Fuller decides to play a practical joke on an on line truck driver. With an effective falsetto, Lewis loses his masculinity and assumes the role of tart, teasing the driver into a midnight tryst at a roadside motel. Smart? No, now they have two choices: drive away fast, or call the police. Who calls the police in films like this anyhow?

Mr. Dahl with scriptwriters Clay Jarver and J.J. Abrams fill scenes with menacing sixteen-wheelers and claustrophobic interior spaces - cars, bars, and cornfields. The killer and his truck are phantoms - we can never clearly make out their features. Endless rain swept highways, pink champagne, and bar-b-q truckers. Is there no escape from America's Midwest?

Mr. Zahn plays the wacky older brother role with confidence and delivers some fantastic one-liners. Mr. Walker is a well-fleshed straight man to Mr. Zahn's manic personality. Ms. Sobieski, whom is barely seen in the film, is a plus, as her whining and inane questions could get on anyone's nerves.

Decent B-Grade thrillers are hard to come by these days. The plot is improbable, but what plot isn't in this genre? The script has a few flaws, however one's high from the gas on screen should let you fly over them. Mr. Dahl directs the film with authority, action scenes are crisply edited, and at all times we feel an impending urgency to put our foot to a gas pedal. Could a person ask for more?

Joy Ride is thoroughly enjoyable. What it lacks in certain spots it makes up for, and quickly. The characters are likable, the lines funny, and the film tense. Far too many films in the horror/thriller genre take themselves too seriously or risk spending too much money on special effects, and not enough on the script. *Joy Ride* shows us that thrillers are still alive and well today. B+

James Wong's *The One* mirrors our current state of postmodernism and, in turn, toys with this era's increasingly difficult ability to produce originality. The fact that this film has been described as "The Matrix meets *The Highlander*" is no exaggeration. In the world of *The One*, there exist parallel universes and existences.

The Multiverse Bureau of Investigation polices the alternate universes, maintaining balance. However, one rogue agent, former Multiverse investigator Gabriel Yulaw (Jet Li), starts hunting down and eliminating his alternate life forms. As he erases each one, the remaining beings absorb the power and strength of those slain. It comes down to the final confrontation between Yulaw and his evil self.

The Jet Li persona is the single element gelling *The One* together. Not only is the audience treated for the second time in Mr. Li's career where he portrays a villain (his debut being 1998's *Lethal Weapon 4*), but also the chance to see him face his ultimate enemy - himself. No one will dispute the claim Mr. Li has on being the greatest martial artist in the world. The Li persona is referenced, as the audience has the opportunity to see Mr. Li sporting various looks, from Rastafarian to flamboyant blond poof, to a roughneck cop. His legendary Chinese historical epic heroes are also acknowledged.

Delroy Lindo (*Romeo Must Die*) appears as Multiverse investigator Harry Roedecker who pursues the villain, Yulaw. Jason Sathum (*Snatch*) attempts to be the new Bruce Willis in his rendering of Roedecker's white cop buddy Ethan Funsch. Gabriel's wife, T.K., is played by Julia Roberts/Monica Potter clone Carla Gugino, the perfect embodiment of this idea of parallel selves.

The computer graphic imaging enhances rather than dominates this film. Mr. Li again teams up with longtime collaborator Cory Yuen (*The Matrix*, *The Musketeer*) in choreographing the intricate fight sequences. The two made the decision to base the two Gabriel Yulaw's around two different forms of martial arts. Ba Qua, a circular form of fighting is associated with the good Gabriel, a man trying to find his centre. The bad Yulaw uses a straightforward and direct form of attack in Shin Yi.

The action is fantastic, but what will be interesting is to see how Mr. Li will top himself as his worst enemy: Jackie Chan, perhaps? B-

Good god; my ears are bleeding, my eye is twitching, my neck is in knots, and *Thirteen Ghosts* ended hours ago. This latest horror vehicle from Warner Bros. packs in enough eye candy and boo-scares to keep your brain on "whoa" until the final credits roll.

This updated *Thirteen Ghosts*—from the original 1960 version—opens on the Kriticos family at home in their cramped, shabby apartment. They're in mourning, having lost not only their big house, but also their mom, in a recent fire. Things look up, however, when the family finds out they've inherited a mansion from their recently deceased Uncle Cyrus (Oscar winner (!) F. Murray Abraham). But things look down again when they go to check out the mansion, and the ghosts Cyro locked in the basement escape and attack.

Tony Shaloub is the recently widowed dad, a Nice Guy who really loves his kids. His son Bobby (Alec Roberts) is one of those insufferable Hollywood mini-adults, and daughter Kathy is played Shannon Elizabeth—who insists on acting her little heart out every minute she's on-screen. This rather grating cast is rounded out by forgotten-but-not-gone Matthew Lillard as Ralfkin, a psychic associate of Uncle Cyrus, and rapper Rah Digga as the family's nanny, aka the Sassy Black Woman, aka the person who delivers the inevitable "Crazy white people!" line.

First-time director Steve Beck's visual-effects background is all over *Thirteen Ghosts*, and the non-stop eye-candy is the best part of the movie. The ghosts fall short of actually being scary, but they're freaky enough to have you transfixed at their gruesomeness.

Thankfully so, because that happens a helluva lot. There's no three-act structure to this plot: there's only before the ghosts, the ghosts, and a little bit after the ghosts go away. Not to complain, but every time the spirits let up, the characters start trading clunking exposition dialogue that begs for the return of Those That Would Do Them Harm.

Besides the shoddy script, *Thirteen Ghosts* is also troubled by multiple logic issues. The ghosts seem to just leave, mid-attack, if the characters get too scared, or too hurt. The house's glass walls are described as sound-proof—a neat, creepy idea—but then our heroes shout warnings in each other through them.

And finally, Bobby and Kathy seem to just disappear for the last forty minutes of the film—for that, however, you will hear no complaints from me.

With *Thirteen Ghosts*, you simply have to down your brain, and just go, "whoa." D+

This is the Poet Homeless, Calling from the Insane Asylum

The Opinion Section for November has been slowly coming together over the past few weeks, with space left open for any major international developments. None have occurred. Pressing issues are addressed that most of the readership is unlikely aware of because of the mass media's parochial view of what makes news. Of course, there remains some miscellaneous opinion about the aftermath of September 11th, so enjoy. Opinion section heavyweights Jennifer Scott (think Jackie O) and Julia MacArthur are regrettably absent, but fictional authors were able to pick up the slack.

People who had midterms in October (not this buckaroo) are over the hurdle, and essays lie ahead for those who write. As it happens, the editor's birthday passed in early November, so thanks are in order all of those well-wishers that made it one that didn't end with him crying under a blanket...

The news is still only barely readable with all the prominent jingoos and pseudo-intellectuals writing (mostly in those 'national' papers) after September 11th. What is positive is that after the initial blind support of US unilateralism, reasonable criticisms of US policy are finally being sufficiently presented. Reading surrealist Soviet fiction is an excellent alternative to the tedious daily news. Do not be alarmed. No one will read any Soviet fiction. That's why there are courses about the subject. This does however explain the tide of this piece of writing. In fact, virtually every tide in Opinion has a meaning or origin beyond the literal. As usual, few people are actually impressive enough to understand where they are derived from. Readers should try to prove the editor wrong...

As for submissions, it is good that they occur, in theory. In reality, students would do well to think of something to write about other than September 11th. There are enough in the way of super-genuses at Innis to cover a wide array of subjects. Not just those that readers are conditioned to remember, like so many salivating dogs... Some must be taking political sciences courses. That provides all that is needed to form intelligent opinions, if necessary. Sociology may also be helpful. In any event, feel free to write about other current events. Preferably events in the city or in the province, and enough September 11th until something drastically changes. There have been no drastic changes since the bombing campaign began (special forces do not count; they were deployed in September, but barely mentioned), for those readers who are unsure. Certainly none warranting length



The aggressive actions that were given little attention



J. S. The Birthday Boy The Brick Hit-House
Bob Cat Mikey Dan The Man

discussion.

Do not take these words to be a deterrent. More submissions equal more student involvement. Variety is beneficial, so that fewer fictional authors are necessary. Until then, everyone will do his or her duty.

An Honest Voice in a Chorus of Slanderers

STEVEN JUG

On October 16th, members of the Ontario Common Front, including the Ontario Coalition Against Poverty, gathered at 5:30 am to march on, and thus shut down, Bay Street. Over two thousand people gathered to protest the Harris Government and its policies. A 'snake march' began at 6:00 am and proceeded to disrupt the downtown area, avoiding police and reaching Bay Street, and with it the city's financial district.

This relatively simple action, which was peaceful and went to great lengths (successfully) to avoid aggressive police lines, indeed received the media attention it sought. However, the coverage provided by the mass (corporately-owned) media was biased, sensational, and totally irresponsible. The arrest of a small number of provocateurs (less than 2% of those participating) was distorted to portray the protesters as a violent mob, which was in no way true. The police brutality that occurred was mentioned only briefly, if at all, and not recognized as more dangerous than a group of people exercising their democratic rights. Fascism and order before democracy and freedom. It sounds extreme, but it is the underlying judgment in the coverage provided by most major newspapers.

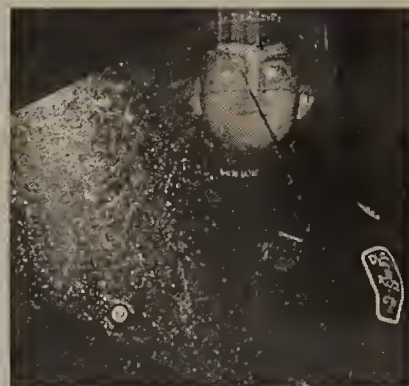
The *National Post* displayed an image of a protester burning an American flag on its front page with the quotation 'This is what democracy looks like', which was chanted during the protest. Apparently, the action of an



The economic disruption at work

individual among two thousand people typifies the entire mornings' protest, and is the single most important aspect of the event. Or so the layout would seem to indicate. Notwithstanding the quality or professionalism of journalism involved (the quotation was not chanted when the flag was burned), the supposed irony of the quotation and the image is apparent only to those with the most parochial conception of democracy. Burning a flag has long been upheld as a legitimate form of protest in the United States, and could hardly be considered otherwise in Canada. Flags can be burned because this is a democracy,

while doing so in Qatar would be another matter. Perhaps that fact is lost on the staff of the *National Post*. The entire march, as well as the very brief burning (it went out after roughly 5 seconds) was judged to be inappropriate after September 11th. This idea is similarly interesting. The democracy cherished in Canada and the US has been attacked, so exercising democratic rights is suddenly invalid. If this editor came up with these sorts of ideas, he might be paid.



A foot soldier of fascism stands ready

The most unfortunate consequence of the irresponsible media coverage of the October 16th protest was that the well-founded criticism of the Mike Harris government and its policies regarding poverty, the city's housing shortage, and the environment, to name only a few, was greatly diluted if not entirely lost in the sensational reporting of the protest. For those readers interested in accessing a non-corporate news source, www.indymedia.org provides a fresh perspective on events, as well as reporting news that corporate media systematically omits from its coverage. The protest on Bay Street hoped to emphasize the undemocratic influence of corporate special interests on the provincial government, which likely influenced the recent tax cut instead of health care spending. This issue needs to be addressed, but the corporately owned media is apparently reluctant to discuss such a threat to democracy.

Steven Jug participated in the protest, and was shocked by both the inaccurate coverage of the protest and how readily the public accepted it. Steven is a 3rd year Innis student studying history and Russian language and literature.

An Individual In The Changing North American Society

DAN HOYER

The great power of the American Nation will be felt."
- President George W. Bush



Can Niven and McQueen Come Through Again?

We've all been hearing the slogans for over a month now; "America under siege," which became "America at war" and "infinite justice" and all the other jargon that gets Dan Rather up in the morning. The only interesting, refreshing outlook I have heard on the events of September 11th recently has been my Aunt declaring she "actually had to stop watching CNN."

In light of this, and in the interest of non-redundancy, I will spare you my personal sentiment and rhetoric on the attacks. What I do want to talk about, and what I really want to know, is where do I fit into all of this?

But I guess before we get into that we should examine the overall picture just a little bit: I mean, what's going on with the world now? Are we seeing a new global governance system arising, based on a league of democracies, banded together with the single mandate of opposing terrorism? Is the U.S. now so paranoid that they will close off their borders on all fronts, thus ending globalization as we know it? And what are Canada's interests in all this?

These are some very daunting questions, ones that neither I nor anyone else is really capable of answering. All I can say is that it seems to me that "America's new war" started out on a solid, noble ideological footing; namely trying to bring Osama Bin Laden to America to quench the collective need for justice and/or vengeance. However, now that Taliban positions are being bombed and it appears that America won't rest until an oppressive Afghan regime *other* than the Taliban is in control of the country. Well, the effort appears to have lost some of its focus and moral defensibility. (Why does America need such a conspicuous effort anyway? Does Hollywood mystique not tell us that the "mighty Western powers" can do anything they want, and that Steve McQueen or David Niven should have assassinated Bin Laden by now? Didn't anyone ever see *Guns of Navarone*?)

Regardless of the ethical merit of the campaign, though, I don't think anyone would argue that it is going to be a very, very long one, and we're just at the tip of the horrific iceberg. So where does that leave us North Americans? There's a good possibility that the U.S. will substantially close off its borders (which means restriction on non-North American trade and immigration policies) and that Canada will follow suit in any decision, just so we don't lose the all-too-valuable trading partner that is the mighty U.S. This could also very well equal an increased subversion into American security control and policy, and therefore a partial erosion of Canadian political sovereignty. All of these measures would hedge, not reverse, the globalization trend, or at least shift it to a regional basis. (North America, the EU, ASEAN, etc.) However, only time can validate these predictions.

The essential question, where I fit into all of this, has, as of yet, been unaddressed. So here goes: all of my talking and thinking and writing about whether or not I "agree" with the war effort, or about what I think Canadian-American trade, immigration, and security policy will and should be, has gotten me nowhere. All I've accomplished since September 11th, in fact, is to wear a nice ass-groove in my desk chair. So what *is* to be done?

Maybe we can protest against the war, try to create an international movement that propels the glory of peace and diplomacy head-on against those proponents of "military justice." Or maybe we accept and give off an inaudible little cheer inside of us because we would *want* the U.S. to become a tad more protectionist, more withdrawn, maybe revert back to some sort of pre-Wilsonian isolationism, because maybe if this happened then globalization *would* be stemmed, and in its place a more regional, more stable system would be erected that would allow all nations to regain some of the sovereignty lost under the current regime. Or maybe I'm just dreaming. Maybe the days of mass society-changing protests are over, maybe globalization *is* irreversible. Maybe too many people are like me and waste all of their time complaining, never acting. Or maybe everyone who reads this will think that the author is just some pretentious, neo-socialist, hippie-wannabe asshole and completely disregard it. And maybe they're right. Dan Hoyer is a 1st year Innis College student studying Classics and Political Science.

Candy Is Dandy But Liquor Is Quicker

STEVEN JUG

In October, an important but little known private member's bill tabled by Liberal MP Charles Caccia was defeated in a free vote in the House of Commons. The bill mandated labeling of all foods that contain more than 1% genetically modified content. Canada's current laws make such labeling optional, and accordingly, the overwhelming majority of foods with genetically modified content are unlabelled. In fact, optional labeling essentially translates into no labeling.

The scandal-mongering surrounding anthrax vaccinations has caused this issue to disappear, despite the ironic call for life as usual to resume. The opposition parties and media have caused great trouble for Health Minister Allan Rock and his leadership aspirations over an issue that is not half as newsworthy as was depicted for days in the press. This issue of real policy, which is a far more appropriate judge of Mr. Rock's merit as a leader, would demonstrate strength of his convictions under the stress of corporate pressure. Unfortunately, scandal-mongering and partisan attacks sell more advertising.

While Mr. Rock expressed support for mandatory labeling, he then expressed a desire to shift the bill to a committee, allowing him to avoid responsibility for the death of the bill. A free vote in parliament was later held, and the bill was defeated. While it cannot be considered surprising that politicians chose corporate interests over those of the public, it is alarming because there is a direct danger to the public.



If you think about it enough, this photo relates to the opinion presented.

No adequate testing has been done on the long-term effects of genetically modified foods, and testing that has been done links the foods to cancer, causing or inflaming allergies, creating strains that are unaffected by antibiotics, and pesticide-resistant weeds.

If these claims are invalid, then why do the corporations involved oppose mandatory labeling? If genetically modified foods are beneficial, in terms of health and farming, should corporations not proudly display their foods' genetically modified status? That would seem, to make sense, unless of course genetic modifications are not something to be proud of. Perhaps corporations do not feel that consumers would be reassured by knowing that their food has been modified and the effects of this modification have not been tested. But that is really the whole issue: the corporate and other agri-food interests that oppose mandatory labeling feel that the public should not get to choose what to do with information about the genetically modified content of the food it eats.

While defeatists may say, "everything kills you these days," choosing to eat chemically derived garbage such as cola drinks that are not immediately poisonous is much different than say, eating bread. Wheat is chief among genetically modified crops, to the point where companies patent wheat and drive farmers out of business if they refuse to sow genetically modified seeds. Sadly, brevity prevents such an aside. The point is: if bread cannot be eaten without risk, what can?

The positive detail in the story of the public interest not being represented in Ottawa is that the federal government is studying the labeling of genetically modified foods. Nevertheless, this issue is worth paying attention to, and certainly something the media should consider newsworthy. Of course, unless Allan Rock becomes the next Prime Minister, corporate interests will likely prevail on this issue. Then again, trusting a politician to come through on past promises is something less than a sure thing.

Steven Jug is a 3rd year student at Innis who does not trust corporations the way they would like him to. Perhaps if fictional CEOs like Victor Newman and JR Ewing were real...

Cherewaty & Glitterati

Two Dialogues By Steve Byzantine



Rockulus While Roculating

Techie and Tortie

Techie I've conferred with Rockulus. Everything is in order. That polish misadventure seems to be at an end.

Tortie That's better. Now I can start sleeping with her. Checkmate, Rockulus. Or Techie. Oh no. The e-fizz is here. I think. I've lost track of all of the nomenclature. Maybe e-fizz means I'm intending to bathe myself.

Techie hahaha well done, old man. You can still talk the talk. Although you never could walk the walk. In the bowling alley. Is anyone really there? Or are you FINALLY bathing? It's about time, either way.

Tortie wait a minute. At least I can walk the walk in the bedroom, according to such and such. Where was John Elway's last minute magic there? I don't know what happened at the end of that sentence. Anyhow, I'm fairly sure that the e-fizz is here. But not in my room.

Techie you're killing me. That's pure gold. It must be that Trond. The charlatan!

Tortie It must be. I should release one of my possums into his room. Thunderknight, attack! Maybe it's the e-factor or the p-factor. Or maybe it is me. No. It is Trond. I've confirmed the readings.

Tortie I'm not sure of what's happening anymore. I think I've been caught in a time tunnel. The kind that makes your legs feel wet.

Techie yikes! That's going to make for a tort night, don't you think? Especially if Rockulus comes looking for you for stealing his girls and then impregnating them and hypnotizing them into thinking it was the result of an alien abduction.

Tortie it's his own fault. He knows what happens when I start impregnating.

Techie and Buster

Techie It's quite the lifestyle you have, dope hat and all. I mean for the rest of the 2000-2001 year, sucka. And what about that club this weekend? Are you gonna be there or be square?

Buster This Saturday? Hmmmm.... damn that'd be aite.... I don't want to be no square...

Techie That's what I'd like to hear. You know how it is; life ain't nothing but bitches and money. There's also talk of going to the restaurant beforehand. Rock on!

Buster hi-ya! Kick ass.... that's all right...hoes and cash 4-life reprecant yo.

Techie It good to see the old Naughty Cherewaty back. I wonder if Bostolosaurus will be with it.

Buster Damn straight. I gotta maintain my rep. Get more ups from the street yo. My rep is all I got. We'll hog-tie Tortie and bring him...hasn't been a good hog-tying for a while...

Techie No sir there has not. We should get Side-o out of his dumpster long enough to get in on it. Of course, that's not actually possible, but I would like to hear some of his cuss-talkin'

Buster Yeah seriously.... that fat bastard has been AWOL for too long. Like what the hell does he do on weekends? It's baffling...

The Naïve West

S. V.

In the aftermath of the September 11 World Trade Centre attacks, hundreds and thousands of articles have been written about them. Many depict the events as one of the greatest tragedies of all time. While shocked and disturbed by the terror caused by the attacks, one must also realise that they have to be put into perspective. These attacks are a direct result of American policy, and to argue that America is a 'victim' is totally ludicrous considering American acts of 'terrorism' all over the world.

Perhaps the most significant statement of all is President Bush's characterization of the conflict as one of 'Good' (The West) VS 'Evil' (Bin Laden). This fairy tale and comical interpretation of events is more suited to an episode of the world wrestling federation.

In today's world there is no clear-cut distinction between good and evil. The United States and all it's so called allies (cronies would be a better word) are no patron saints. The U.S. has indulged in various attacks all over the world in clear violation of international law.

A week after the attacks on the WTC, the U.S. demanded that Pakistan cut off all humanitarian aid to the 'oppressed' people of Afghanistan. Let me repeat, the U.S. has asked Pakistan to basically starve thousands of people to death. In the past America has periodically intervened in various countries all over the world all in the name of freedom, tolerance, and other righteous causes. The Gulf-War, the Balkan crisis, and the Kosovo crisis are just a few examples where America has 'upheld the law'. But the law isn't what America defines it to be; no country has the right to do that. The American interventions have not helped these regions in any way. They have only fuelled the anger and resentment that ultimately lead to events such as those of September 11.

Yet perhaps none of these tragedies will ever stir the Western public to the extent that the WTC attacks have. Does the fact that thousands of lives were lost on American soil almost instantaneously make the attack any more horrific than the daily, almost routine maiming, rape, and murder witnessed in places such as the Middle East and Kashmir? People, no matter what race they belong to, are suffering all over the world due to fanatical and 'terrorist' acts. Does the fact that Americans were killed make the attacks any worse in nature than they inherently are?

Fanatics who should not be identified with the vast majority of their ethnic groups carried out the attacks on the WTC. But fanaticism does not come about unless encouraged, and America's new foreign policy has done nothing to address that. And of course by retaliating, the Americans are only fostering more and more fanatics who have lost all sense of reason. Ultimately, the fact that many of us actually believe that the U.S. is a 'victim' of the present crisis shows how self-centered and naïve Western society is.

The anonymous author should appreciate that works that do not include a real name are less likely to be included.



The Inspired Mr. History

I wanna live, I wanna love, but...

Who knows this one, other than Dan?

By Mr. History

Music That Inspired Opinion In November

A Perfect Circle - Mer de Noms

David Bowie - The Heart's Filthy Lesson

George Enescu - The Romanian Rhapsodies

Marilyn Manson - various songs

NIN - thingsfallingapart

Tool - Lateralus, Undertow